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ON READING FOR ENJOYMENT.

This phrase, or something like it, is Fitz-Gerald's. He who stood aside from the world, to whom the ordinary employments of mankind were unsubstantial and visionary, kept his heart open to books until the last. Imagination took the place of action with him, as it does with a boy. To the most of us, however, reading for enjoyment is only possible in youth. Afterward we read for knowledge, or to get some profit for our labor, or at least to acquire that ineffable consciousness of superiority to *hoi polloi* which does not read. But the wild ecstacy of our earliest acquaintance with books, the intoxications, orgies, debauches of imagination by which we accompany and supplement our reading, can hardly be recaptured. Only the creative artist, perhaps, though moving behind the scenes amid the pulleys and trap doors of the stage, can retain enough of the innocence of youth to believe in the make-believe that is presented to the front of the house.

My parents were worshippers of Scott and Dickens, so that my boyhood was ruled by those large luminaries. There could hardly have been better or more beneficent influences. Imagine a petty and desiccated childhood developing under the auspices of Jane Austen, or a dwarfed and repulsive growth under the malign powers of the modern realists. My mother had various portfolios of engravings and pictures of the Waverley and Byronic epoch. Before I could read I was familiar with the names and faces of the heroes and heroines of that literature, and carried them about in my mind for imitation or admiration; I wore the vestments of the men and the livery of the ladies. I remember, too, an enormously extended life of Napoleon full of vividly colored prints, which one drew out accordion-fashion, depicting pretty nearly all the chief incidents in the career of the Conqueror. After all, the Moving-Picture-bred boy of to-day has not so much the advantage of our older generation, for we could pore over our pictures by the hour and recur to them again and again until we knew them by heart.

My parents had the habit, which I suppose is common enough, of attaching imaginary personalities to real ones. Such an acquaintance was Quilp or Dick Swiveller or the Antiquary. If I did anything creditable I was Mark Tapley, "coming out strong." There was thus always a coming and going of ideal figures in our house. As soon as I began to read for myself I set to work to construct them and their regions even more strongly. My father was a soldier and a mighty hunter, and so I had a great store of leaden bullets of various sizes and shapes. With these, on the cartography of the carpet, I laid out the scenes and worked out the plots of my romances and novels as fast as I read them. Or in my long and lonely walks it was no trouble for me to displace the streets or landscapes that I saw and substitute in their stead the houses and country scenes of my book-fed vision.

Side by side with the larger lords of fiction I have named came Cooper and all his compeers of wood and wave. I probably made no critical distinction between the literary masterpiece and the dime novel. Both were good if they could be worked over in imaginative play. What a debt I must have owed to Mayne Reid! There is hardly one of his adventures that I have not re-enacted in fancy a score of times. Books of travel and exploration,—arctic, tropic, mountain, continental,—all were magnificent fuel for my imagination's fire. Of course I am aware that this is the common experience of youth; but because it is common it proves that that is the period of imaginative enjoyment. Some of my preoccupations might have been peculiar. I remember the fascination which the idea of that arctic food, pemmican, had for me. In all my dream wanderings in the Hudson Bay region or the Fur Country, that edible accompanied me. I was living on the fat of the land in my comfortable home; but nothing, it seemed to me, could be quite as good as pemmican. Alas, I have never tasted pemmican! One other ideal food of my boyhood, jerked beef, the *carne seco* of the Southern plains, I have eaten. To my sorrow, I have been forced to subsist on it for considerable periods. It consists of the flesh of beef, or some other animal, cut into thin strips, dried in the sun, and then rolled up in masses in the hide. Under the tropic sun it soon acquires a pronounced flavor and potency of life; but it is nutritious and a hungry man is not choice. Perhaps pemmican would be equally disappointing.

My first poet was Scott. "The Lady of the Lake" was read to me by my mother before I was twelve years old; and I immediately borrowed a lead-pencil and some paper and started an epic of my own on similar lines. That was always the effect of verse on me. Prose started me to imaginary imitation of its action,—poetry to an attempted reproduction of the form. Description, images, fine writing in prose, I loathed, and always skipped. Set to the motion and tunes of verse, they lassoed me and drew me captive after them. I do not think I thought myself into the characters and scenes of poetry. It was an Eden protected from entrance by a flaming sword; but I soon discovered that it was an Eden built up out of words, and I set myself to discover their secret. Pope and Shelley were the next poets who unfolded themselves to my infant mind. I read and re-read them sedulously, though what I made out of their moralities or anti-moralities is more than I can say now. Shelley did convert me to vegetarianism, and made me a nuisance in the household for some time. We had no copy of Keats, and I first found him in my first circulating library, bound up in one volume with the poems of Mary Howitt and Dean Milman. I took the book out so often that the librarian must have thought these improving authors most attractive to me. I read them, of course,—for what were books printed for except to be read? But I heeded them not. The spell of Keats was upon me, the vision and revelation of the wonders of expression. Keats, too, served me as a gateway to Shakespeare. I had read a few of the master's plays before, in an unknowing way; but Keats discovered to me their technique, and for many years I almost buried myself in Shakespeare. I read him sitting at a desk, curled up on a sofa, flat on the floor, on my head, nearly, lying downward on a stairway. I read Shakespeare himself, and all the critics and commentators,—a library of them. Since I came of age I can hardly be said to have recurred to such reading. Unless one wants to be one of the "train attendant," it is best not to frequent too much the court of great kings. However,

I did for many years constitute myself a slave or courtier of Shakespeare in his theatrical guise. Stage exhibitions are perhaps the most enjoyable form of reading. They lack the perfection of the inner realizations of the mind; but their overwhelming vividness of presentation, their life, color, and vibrant tones, stamp even deeper impressions.

How much enjoyment is associated with the reading incidental to schoolwork, remains a question. Slowly to dig out a few pages of Homer or Virgil by the help of dictionary and crib, is not an entrancing occupation. Of course such work gives one the key to future conquests. I did not go far in this direction in my youth, but I went far enough to realize that there were "livers out of Britain"; that there were vast treasures outside of English literature.

After the first flush of the experience of books is past, probably the best way to recover some sense of freshness and newness in intellectual matters is to change ground entirely, leave the cultivated and floriated regions of imaginative literature for a time, and get among the crags and rocks of harder studies. "How charming is divine philosophy!" sings Milton. Its portals and windows are gray and forbidding enough from the outside, but from within they are flooded with light and color. For four or five years in my early manhood I fed almost exclusively on metaphysics, and would have laughed at any one who thought its Barmecide banquets unsatisfactory. No lollipops for me when I could get syllogisms! What was any novel or romance to a Dialogue of Plato or a Treatise of Kant? Metaphysics is the royal game of the mind. It imposes itself upon life and literature, which are both largely what it decrees. It is a cyclone whose circumference sweeps everything in its vortex, but at whose centre there is peace and quiet.

The sciences, too, or some of them,— astronomy, geology, biology,— are capable of bringing back to the mind its spring, its keen and devouring interest in things. As for law, Blackstone is as readable as a novel. Almost everything of human interest is in the book,— customs, habits, adventures, marriage matters, money affairs, and innumerable hangings.

But in the end, verse lasts best. The hurly-burly of the happenings of life seems to have little plan or order, and they plagiarize each other shamelessly, as do the prose books which repeat them. But the movement and music of verse do seem to have something in them of the primal or final harmony of the universe.

After all, reading to any great extent, or any great enjoyment of reading, is hardly compatible with the work and doings of actual life. "If rum interferes with your business," says an old quip, "give up your business." I am afraid it is that way with reading. We can hardly fully inherit the ideal and the real worlds at the same time.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN LONDON.

AN ENGLISH IMPRESSION OF THE "SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY." — THOMAS GRAY AS A LETTER-WRITER.— THE SECOND GEORGIAN POETRY BOOK. — SOME MAGAZINES AFFECTED BY THE WAR.— "FORM," A NEW ENGLISH QUARTERLY.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

New books have been rather more interesting since I last wrote. Several good things of various kinds came out toward the end of the autumn season, and the spring season opens this week with the appearance of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "These Twain," which you have already seen. At the moment the Press is agitated over the "Spoon River Anthology" which, until we saw it, we had presumed to be a collection of verses by some brotherhood of young poets who had formed a Pantisocratic community on the bosky banks of the meandering Spoon, where under the friendly heaven, they reconciled the claims of Art and Nature by cultivating the Muse and the Potato. We were wrong. How wrong I need scarcely explain to readers who will be already familiar with the Gestes and Sayinges of the shades of Tennessee Claflin Shope, Wm. Lloyd Garrison Standard, Wendell P. Bloyd, Henry C. Calhoun, and Hod Putt — whose name runs Boy Ed close as an example of monosyllabic compression. Some people here are enthusiastic about Mr. Masters's exposure of the human race; others, amongst whom I count myself, think that the readableness of his book is largely accounted for by the originality of his idea of (I do n't use the phrase in an offensive way) plying the muck-rake in a cemetery. A sane view was expressed, I think, by an English author who said that Mr. Masters was an American Masefield with more sense than Mr. Masefield, but a smaller poetic gift.

It is possible that some earnest student of literature may illustrate the whole difference

between the twentieth century and the eighteenth by comparing Mr. Masters's observations in a Churchyard with those of Thomas Gray. "From Stoke Poges to Spoon River: An Appraisement of Relative Values": surely the book must already be in course of composition. This idea, I am happy to say, would not have occurred to me in the normal way; but I have just been reading Dr. Paget Toynbee's new Gray letters published in what may fairly claim to be the most important volumes of the season — "The Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West and Ashton" (Oxford University Press). Gray is certainly one of the best of English letter-writers. Cowper — who had had no opportunity of reading Horace Walpole's letters and modestly failed to foresee the opinion that posterity would hold as to his own — said he was the best. "I once thought," he wrote (to Joseph Hill in 1777), "Swift's letters the best that could be written; but I like Gray's better. His humour, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet, I think equally poignant with the Dean's." In Dr. Toynbee's collection of the letters exchanged between the members of the Etonian "Quadruple Alliance," there are nearly a hundred of Gray's which have never before been published, and they are as good as the old ones. The high-spirited jokes of this most solemn of poets contrast curiously with the refined and polished humor of Walpole: one letter from Cambridge, burlesquing the trivialities of ordinary correspondence, finishes up with "My Duck has eat a Snail." The early letters give a pleasing picture of the stagnancy of the eighteenth century universities. West went to Oxford, the other three to Cambridge, and though their letters as freshmen are, no doubt, rather affected in their boredom, such letters could scarcely have been written in an age when the universities were enjoying a vigorous life. West describes Oxford as a place "flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown" and Gray writes of Cambridge:

> "The Masters of Colledges are twelve grey-hair'd Gentlefolks, who are all mad with Pride; the Fellows are sleepy, drunken, dull, illiterate Things; the Fellow Com: are imitatours of the Fellows, or else Beaux, or else nothing: the Pension: (i. e. Pensioners) grave, formal Sots, who would be thought old, or else drink Ale, and sing Songs against ye Excise. The Sizers are Graziers' Eldest Sons, who come to get good Learning, that they may all be Archbishops of Canterbury."

There are some new Walpole letters, but these are a drop in the ocean of Horace's remains.

The new Georgian Poetry book, a companion volume to "Georgian Poetry, 1911-12," has appeared; and if it is not quite as good as its predecessor it contains some very beautiful lyrics by Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, D. H. Lawrence, Ralph Hodgson, Rupert Brooke, and J. E. Flecker. The longest things in the volume are two plays by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Gordon Bottomley. Mr. Abercrombie's "The End of the World" is a laborious failure; Mr. Bottomley's "King Lear's Wife" is, although full of distinguished writing, scarcely the "better half" of "King Lear." The Queen dies while her husband makes love to her handmaid in the death-chamber; Goneril, a virgin huntress, murders the handmaid; and the Queen's body is washed by a crone who accompanies the ablution with a song beginning:

> "A louse crept out of my lady's shift
> Ahemm, Ahumm, Ahee,
> Crying 'Oi! Oi! We are turned adrift
> The lady's bosom is cold and stiffed,
> And her arm-pit's cold for me.'"

When the play was produced the other day the Censor, with his usual sensitiveness, knocked out this song; but the audience, I imagine, found the rest of it quite enough to stomach. It is not a good play: its horrors are laid on and its characters are unreal. But its author is one of the most ambitious and original of the younger poets, and nothing he could do would be unmitigatedly bad. The Chicago Repertory people might have a look at it if they want a change.

So far, the war has not killed as many papers as one had expected it would — including trade-journals, which I do not as a rule read but which I understand have fallen "like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown." But Mr. Scott-James's twopenny literary journal the "New Weekly" "became a casualty" (as they say at the front) early in the war; "Poetry and Drama" (a periodical which, in its short career published much of the best work of the younger poets) has succumbed, though its spirit lives in hopes of a later re-incarnation; "Notes and Queries" has been seriously, though one trusts not mortally, wounded and is calling out for help; and now the "Athenæum," a seamed and bronzed veteran, has found the tussle a little too hot and been compelled to retire to more favorable ground. After running as a weekly for the best part of a century, and surviving the curses of the countless bad writers and inaccurate scholars whose withers it has wrung, the "Athenæum" has decided to appear once a month instead of once a week. Its articles, one gathers, will still be principally book reviews, but will approximate in length to those in the other monthlies. One of the

most striking things about the old "Athenæum" has always been the almost complete anonymity of its contents, many of the best known of English literary men having contributed without signing. Its present editor, Mr. Vernon Rendall, is a Cambridge man, a fine classical scholar with a puckish wit and an extraordinary knowledge of the holes and corners of literature.

At such a time one certainly would not have expected anyone to have the audacity to bring out a *new* paper devoted exclusively to the arts. But such a paper is at present in gestation, and the first number is expected in March. It is to be a quarterly; its name will be "Form"; its editors are Mr. Austin Spare (one of the best of the younger draughtsmen) and Mr. Francis Marsden; and it will be composed partly of original drawings and partly of creative work in verse and prose. Messrs. Charles Ricketts, Charles Shannon, and Edmund J. Sullivan are all taking an interest in it; Mr. W. B. Yeats is contributing a number of poems to the first issue; and many other eminent persons have promised to help. But its principal object will be the publication of the young: and its existence will be justified, (or the reverse), by the degree of its success in getting good work from men whose reputations are not yet established. One thing is certain: it will be one of the most beautifully "produced" papers we have ever had. I have seen advanced sheets. The page is large: the type beautiful: and the text is throughout (as our ancestors would have put it) "embellished with cuts"—head-pieces, tail-pieces, and elaborate initial letters. Whatever the quality of the contents, therefore—and there is reason to hope that it may be good—it seems likely that "Form" will inevitably become a "collector's item."

J. C. Squire.

London, Jan. 18, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

Publishers' ethics seem to those of mature years to have been on a higher plane "in the good old days" than in this latter age. The late Frank H. Dodd, of whom many good things are being said of late, was in moral standards as well as in business ability an ornament to his calling. The house of which he was so long the distinguished head—that of Dodd, Mead & Co.—held it little short of dishonorable to make approaches of a professional nature to the authors of another publishing house. In harmony with this uprightness of principle was Mr. Dodd's action in a little occurrence related by Mr. Howells. When the now flourishing firm in Franklin Square had fallen on evil days and there seemed to the veteran novelist no other course open to him but to seek another publisher, he went to Mr. Dodd with the first chapter of what afterward became "The Kentons" and offered the novel for publication. Naturally the offer was gladly accepted; but soon the sky cleared in Franklin Square, and it became evident that no severance of relations between Mr. Howells and the Harpers would be necessary or advisable. This cheering development caused the greatly relieved novelist some embarrassment, but he went again to Mr. Dodd and stated the situation frankly, asking to be released from his engagement. As he himself has narrated the incident, "in business, which the ignorant think altogether sordid, many delicate and generous things are done, and I could never forget the terms of this eminent publisher's compliance with my suggestion, or the wish for my profit and pleasure in the renewal of my old relations with Franklin Square which he so cordially expressed." One saying of Mr. Dodd's, which does him great credit and illustrates his idealism, his loftiness of motive, is this: "I think we ought to publish every year twenty or thirty books of which we know in advance that they cannot possibly pay, but of which we feel sure that they will be a credit to our house." That such a publisher should have won to himself many authors who were both a credit to the house and a source of handsome profit, is not surprising.

* * *

The first fine careless rapture over Shakespeare, such as is known to those who have had the good fortune in early life to stumble upon and read the plays before hearing anything or reading anything about them, is rather more difficult to recapture than that expressed in the song of Browning's wise thrush. This handicap of portentous celebrity, of unapproachable greatness, is suffered, as has often been remarked, by other works of literature besides Shakespeare's writings—most notably of all by the Bible, and in hardly lesser measure by Homer. Virgil, Dante, and Milton, too, tend to repel by their excess of fame; they are introduced to the young reader as something more than human. Vividly does the present writer recall the warm human interest that infused, for him, the Old Testament stories that were read to him at a very early age before any knowledge had come to him of a great book called the Bible. The listening and re-listening to those stories in the King James version was an

unending delight, marred only by an occasional attempt at paraphrase or abridgment on the reader's part. Something of this delight was apparently felt by the young attendants at a Shakespeare performance recently mentioned in the columns of the London "Times." The writer says: "Conspicuous among the St. James's audience were a row or two of schoolgirls, who, lucky creatures, were evidently making their first acquaintance with 'The Merchant of Venice' on the stage. They went into fits of laughter when poor, blind, old Gobbo mistook Launcelot's back hair for a beard, and shrilly applauded when Portia so ingeniously turned the tables upon the bloodthirsty Shylock. That is the way we should all try to enjoy our Shakespeare, if we were wise, instead of making a fuss over new 'readings' or minute details of *mise-en-scène*. The trouble is that at every successive Shakespearean performance a long vista of previous recollections gets in the way of our simple pleasure and spoils what should have been a whole-hearted surrender to the romance or the fierce passion or the mere fun of the moment." Not so, however, with all of us, especially if we belong to that exalted company known as the gallery gods. To them the play is the thing, irrespective of any stage traditions relating to its presentation.

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LIBRARIANS' SHOP-TALK OF HALF A CENTURY AGO, or fifty-two years and four months ago, to be exact, is to be found, by those curious in such matters, in the "Proceedings of the Librarians' Convention Held in New York City September 15, 16, and 17, 1853," now reprinted by the Torch Press of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The call for this first meeting of American librarians was issued in May, 1853, and was signed by Charles Folsom of the Boston Athenæum, C. C. Jewett of the Smithsonian Institution, William F. Poole of the Boston Mercantile Library, Lloyd P. Smith of the Library Company of Philadelphia, and others either professionally engaged in library work or disinterestedly zealous in promoting the growth and multiplication of libraries accessible to the public. At the conference resulting from this call there were present eighty men from thirteen States. Forty-seven libraries were represented, containing collectively more than six hundred thousand volumes. The entire absence of women from this gathering is to us of the present day a notable feature, but probably not one of those male delegates had the faintest dream of the preponderance of the other sex at future meetings of the same sort. Among subjects discussed prominence was given to the difficulties and perplexities of maintaining any adequate catalogue of a growing collection of books, the inadequacies of the printed list being pointed out and some system of cumulative cataloguing by means of separate stereotype plates for the successively added titles being recommended — a fruitful suggestion, as we now know. But the very simple and to us obvious card-catalogue idea was not yet conceived. Book-classification, in its crude beginnings, was discussed, and "a copy of a new index to the Periodical Literature of England and America was exhibited to the Convention" — the author being, of course, he whose name has appeared on the back of so many successive supplements to that index. And all this took place twenty-three years before our library workers finally succeeded in forming a permanent organization to safeguard and promote their interests. Some future periodic assembling of librarians was hoped for by this pioneer conference, but it seems to have been a hope deferred.

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A HALF-CENTURY'S RECORD OF GOOD LITERARY WORK was closed with the death, on Jan. 17, of Jeannette Leonard Gilder, who has told her own story so well, with such charm of romance thrown about the dry bones of fact, in "The Autobiography of a Tomboy" and "The Tomboy at Work," that the reader need only be referred to those volumes for an essentially lifelike portrait of her vivid personality and a chronicle of her somewhat multiform achievements in letters, and in some other branches of eager effort. Not quite half a century, to be exact, is covered by her literary activity; for she began writing as a journalist in Newark at eighteen years of age, and she had left her sixty-sixth birthday not quite three months behind when death suddenly overtook her in her New York home. Her work on the Newark "Morning Register," the New York "Tribune" and "Herald," the Boston "Transcript" and "Saturday Evening Gazette," the Philadelphia "Press" and "Record," the Chicago "Tribune," and the London "Academy," made her known, first and last, to thousands of appreciative readers. With her brother Richard Watson Gilder she was associated in the editorship of the old "Scribner's Monthly" (afterward "The Century"); and with another brother, Joseph B. Gilder, she ably conducted "The Critic," which was later merged with the resuscitated "Putnam's Magazine." In addition to all this activity she wrote plays and magazine stories, was co-editor of various vol-

umes of prose and verse, established "The Reader," which she conducted as an aid to book-buyers, and was widely known as author of the two autobiographical productions named above, and also of "Taken by Siege." Of her early work in book-reviewing she herself has told us very agreeably how, by Kate Field's advice, she adopted the dialogue form and "had a family take up the books of the day and discuss them, giving various opinions; the sons and daughters maintaining a point that was immediately bowled over by the father. My 'Chats about Books' became a popular feature of the paper. Publishers offered to put them into book form, and they attained the importance of being burlesqued by the inimitable Nym Crinkle. He called his burlesque 'The Drivel Family,' and I am sure that it was well named."

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FORTY YEARS OF OUR OLDEST COMIC JOURNAL will be rounded out on the seventh of this month, when "The Harvard Lampoon" completes its fourth decade of mirthful existence. Naturally the occasion revives memories and traditions of the literary frolic entered into by the half-dozen or more students who, one day in January, 1876, met in Samuel Sherwood's room in Matthews Hall and outlined a plan for the publication, if even for only a single issue, of a Harvard "Punch." But that initial number proved so hilarious a success that no further encouragement was wanting to persuade the editors to continue as they had begun. Among those pioneers in the cause of wholesome college humor are found the names of Mr. Edward S. Martin, now associated with a still more widely known though seven years younger comic paper ("Life"), and the late Edmund M. Wheelwright, architect of the present home of the publication he helped to start. Other notable contributors to the early success of "Lampy" were Mr. Robert Grant (who brought out in its pages his "Little Tin Gods on Wheels"), Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Lloyd McKim Garrison, Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, Mr. Frederic Jessup Stimson, and Mr. John T. Wheelwright, the last-named still mirthfully associated with his "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge," one of the paper's most brilliant successes. In 1880 occurred a brief period of suspended animation, but publication was resumed after a six months' interval and has continued without interruption ever since. To-day, with a building of its own, though not yet quite paid for, and apparently no decline in its excellence and popularity, this "Charivari" of our oldest university may be regarded as a permanent institution. At any rate, so bright a representative of college journalism ought to have a perennial existence.

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POLITE LETTERS AND MILITARY TRAINING have so little in common that the present tendency to bring them together in our colleges and universities may well excite protest. At Harvard, where many students have enrolled themselves for soldierly drill, this amateur effort to further the cause of "preparedness" is not viewed by President Lowell with unqualified approval. Rather the contrary. He says, in the course of his annual report: "The question of military instruction in term time is more difficult. A popular impression still survives that drill, comprising the manual of arms and evolutions in small bodies, is the main point in military training. It is, of course, essential, but it forms a very minute part of the education of an officer; and it is quickly learned, as anyone who has visited the students' camps must have observed. Moreover, it had much better be taught under military conditions like those in a camp or in the militia, rather than in student organizations at a college which is not primarily a military school. Constant drill in a hall or on an athletic field is artificial, monotonous, and wearisome, tending to produce an aversion for military training instead of an interest in the real problems with which an officer must deal." Certain military studies that might be pursued as electives, supplementary to field training at summer camps, are named, but only in a tentative, suggestive way. To urge a student to enter upon the study of the science of human butchery might seem to involve some such risks as, according to Pope, accompany the too frequent viewing of the face of vice.

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A YEAR'S LIBRARY LEGISLATION is summarized by Mr. William R. Eastman in a report lately submitted to the New York Library Association and now published in "The Library Journal" (January issue). It appears that in 1915 one hundred and three bills affecting libraries were presented in the legislatures of thirty-one states and in Congress; and of these fifty-eight became law. West Virginia passed a general library law empowering a municipality to establish and maintain a public library by taxation. No other general law of this nature was enacted, though efforts to that end were made in Pennsylvania and Indiana. No additional state library commission was created, though attempts are recorded in West Virginia and Oklahoma. Kansas raised its tax limit for

libraries in cities of fewer than forty thousand inhabitants, making the maximum half a mill on the dollar instead of four-tenths of a mill. County-library systems were adopted by Texas and Montana; but in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, and Arizona, county-library bills were defeated. In Ohio and Oregon amendments to existing county-library laws were adopted. The cause of the legislative reference library was promoted in North Carolina, Georgia, and elsewhere. Travelling libraries and school libraries were the subjects of some progressive legislation, and retirement pensions for superannuated librarians were considered by the law-makers of Ohio and Michigan, but the consideration proved unfavorable. Among bills of a foolish and impracticable nature, precedence must be accorded to the Massachusetts proposal that every book returned from circulation should be disinfected or sterilized before going out again. The bill failed of passage. On the whole, it was a year of progress in wise law-making for the public library, as will appear more unmistakably upon perusal of Mr. Eastman's report in full.

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MR. MASEFIELD IN AMERICA becomes an object of considerably more curiosity and interest to us than Mr. Masefield in England. Though English-born, he might be claimed by us as half-American; for it was from our shores that he set forth, some fifteen years ago, to win his present place in the world of letters. Scorning school and books in boyhood, he seems to have driven his parents well-nigh to distraction by his errant ways. At any rate, he was finally indentured to the captain of a merchant vessel, apparently as the only means of holding him within some sort of bounds. Such a record of wandering by sea and land as next follows can be claimed by no other living poet, if indeed it can be equalled by any biography of poet in the past. About the nearest approach to anything like formal education in Mr. Masefield's development seems to have been that summer he spent with the poet Yeats in Devonshire, "loafing and talking" and indulging in the innocent pastime of sailing paper boats (much as Shelley used to do, one surmises) on the placid streams of the neighborhood. To be sure, this was informal enough as educational discipline, but it has been regarded as a considerable factor in the poet's training, and there is no reason to doubt it. On the whole, no more picturesque and oddly attractive personality has sought our shores from the old world for many a day.

A FAR NORTHWESTERN WORD IN DEFENCE OF OUR LANGUAGE against the havoc-working inroads of self-styled reformers comes to our notice and commends itself as worthy of the attention of all to whom "simplified spelling" is a subject of vital concern. The Portland "Oregonian," in the course of an able and spirited declaration against the pernicious activities of the language-tinkers, after referring in general terms to "the evil of simplified spelling" and the likelihood that it "will do nothing more than befuddle the student to a greater extent even than the present-day accepted spelling does," continues in similar strain, and thus concludes: "Incomplete as the English language is, it is the English language, and the most of us would like to have it retain a semblance of its form. The radical simplified spelling would do well to apply itself to a new language, Esperanto, for instance, and leave the dignity of our language undisturbed. Correct spelling goes with learning, although many college men are notoriously poor spellers. Nevertheless, to have mastered the difficulties of words is a badge of distinction. Standard spelling takes into account etymology, orthography, and phonetics. Radical spelling reform deals almost solely with the last, and not consistently with that." Standard spelling takes into account much more than is here named: it jealously preserves history and poetry and hundreds of associations, most of them precious, many of them, it may be, intimately personal, which would be ruthlessly swept away by the zealot to whom simplification is more than the bread of life.

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ECHOES FROM THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL BOOK-FAIR that so unexpectedly suffered partial eclipse from the outbreak of international hostilities have been reverberating through the world ever since those attractive pavilions at Leipzig were closed, some of them prematurely in August, 1914, and the others with more deliberation in October. Especially persistent has been the rumor that the country which acted as host on that occasion lost no time in confiscating the exhibits of the hostile nations, to the great indignation of the exhibitors and their sympathizers. Of course denials have been made and have fallen on deaf ears: but now there comes from the scene of the supposed outrage a press communication (addressed to the Chicago "Tribune" and printed also in the New York "Times," and perhaps elsewhere as well) contradicting the alleged violation. Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett writes from Leipzig that both by inquiry and by ocular evidence he has

assured himself that the authorities concerned have both taken the utmost care of all exhibited property left on their hands when the war-panic sent the custodians flying to their several homes, and have even gone so far as to insure this property against loss or damage, paying the insurance charges themselves. The whole transaction is most creditable to Germany.

* * *

THE YEAR'S LITERARY HARVEST IN ENGLAND shows some unmistakable effects of the violent interruption to peaceful activities, but they are less marked than might have been expected. While the book-product of the United Kingdom fell off in 1914 to the extent of 842 items, with five months of war to account for the decrease, the output for 1915, in the face of a whole year of warfare, showed a loss of only 872 as compared with the preceding twelve months; and this diminution is proportionately greater in new editions than in new books. These facts are set forth with clearness and brevity by "The Publishers' Circular" of London, which also informs its readers that while fiction shows a decrease of 419 (the largest of any class), science a decrease of 142, and technology one of 167, history has gained 309, and geography 118, with lesser gains in several other classes. As was remarked last year by the same authority, so this year "the average quality of the books published . . . is probably somewhat lower than during pre-War days, owing partly to a reluctance to place on a disturbed market works requiring a great outlay, and partly to the appearance of numerous ephemeral works dealing with the War." In view of England's frightful losses in young men of the highest attainments and brightest promise, the wonder is she can still make so good a showing.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HISTORICAL INACCURACIES IN LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a letter to the New York "Nation" (November 6, 1884, p. 398), Francis Parkman quotes another writer who had asserted that "Most people when they desire to know the true history of Acadia will be content to read Longfellow," and says: "If so, they will not find what they seek, but in its place, a graceful and touching poem and a charming ideal picture. The author of the remark just quoted also adds: 'The history of events is not always the history of humanity.' But the history of humanity, to be good for anything, must rest, not on imagination, but on truth."

The only authority who can be suggested as having affected Longfellow's point of view in "Evangeline" is the Abbé Raynal, whose emotional Acadian story is so obviously and intensely prejudiced as hardly to be reckoned an authority.

The late Charles Francis Adams has dealt in his customary vigorous and incisive style with the treatment by the Cambridge poet of Myles Standish and Paul Revere. Comment can be made as justly upon the unfortunate dealing with facts in his classic poem of "Evangeline" concerning the expatriation from Grand Pré, especially as an unavailing effort has been made to have these suggestions incorporated by foot-notes in popular editions of the poem. There are indeed some general observations in the preface of certain of these editions which might suggest the fact that the poem is not a history, but there are no corrections of definite mis-statements. Aside from the fact that nobody reads a preface, the antidote should be immediately connected with the passages which require it.

This historical vindication is made the more necessary by the presentation of a dramatic version of "Evangeline" not long ago in New York, with an announcement made upon its programme, under the authority of a committee of the Department of Education of that city, stating that Longfellow "translated history into poetry," and that "for his facts he turned to records," and that the commanding officer's proclamation, testifying to the disagreeableness of his duty in causing the removal of the people and his hopes for a good future for them, was "cruel irony," and characterizing the separation of Gabriel and Evangeline as "typical" and not exceptional. These statements, though unexpected from an official body, quite represent a popular opinion (which was shared by the present writer in his youthful admiration for the poem). The removal of the Acadians from Grand Pré cannot be thus condemned, like the expatriation of the Belgians, nor can the commander of the expedition be classed with the lieutenants of Alva in the Netherlands and of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland.

Admiring appreciation of the poetic gifts of imagination in the author of "Evangeline" must be conceded to the creation of the pictures of nature therein, since Longfellow had not visited Grand Pré or the Mississippi, but trusted, as we are told, to descriptions by others and to Banvard's panorama. Though the actual history of the deportation had not been widely made known when the poem was written, Winslow's "Journal" was as accessible to one who was himself a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society as it is now to members, and indeed, through its generous courtesy, to any student.

Let us now consider in detail some of the specific passages in which Longfellow has substituted for history a popular myth of his own creating.

> "Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
> Dwelt in the love of God and of man."

The settlement had been a nest of traitors. If it "dwelt in the love of God and of man," it cer-

tainly did not dwell in the love of the men of the English colonies. Plots and plans for raids by French and Indians were so incessant that at last the choice of expatriation or the taking of the oath of allegiance mentioned in the next note became inevitable.

"The expulsion of the Acadians may seem to us a cruel act, but it was forced upon the English by the hardest necessity, the necessity of self-protection; and in spite of all that has since been written to the contrary, no impartial student of history can perceive in what other way than the deportation of these irreconcilables could the peace of New Scotland have been assured, a peace which has lasted to this day." ("Nova Scotia," Beckles Willson, 1911, pp. 75, 76.)

"Murder, rapine, and open warfare instigated by them were incurred at the hands of the native Micmacs." ("The Fall of New France," Gerald E. Hart, 1888, p. 22.)

"Many of them have been detected in joining the French and Indians both in peace and war against his Majesty's subjects." ("Present State of North America," John Huske, 1755.)

"Les Anglais ne sont pourtant tout-à-fait délivrès des inquietudes que leur donnaient les alliances des Sauvages avec les Francais. Ces derniers qui habitaient en Acadie n'ayant pas voulu se soumettre à la domination anglaise, se sont retirés dans la Gaspésie, d'où ils incommodent leurs voisins." ("Histoire et Commerce des Colonies Anglaises," Butel-Dumont, 1755, p. 72.)

"What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church."

The design for which the "simple Acadian farmers" were ordered to assemble must have been pretty well known to them, *pace* the poet's assumption. Though twice confirmed British subjects by the Treaty of Utrecht and that of Aix-la-Chapelle, they had repeatedly refused to take an oath of allegiance which English officials were too weak to enforce until 1730, when Governor General Richard Phillips brought over with him the following form, to which he secured general subscription: "Je promets et jure sincèrement en foi de Chrétien que je serai entièrement fidèle et obéirai vraiment Sa Majesté le Roi George le Second, que je reconnais pour le Soverain Seigneur de l'Acadie ou Nouvelle Ecosse. Ainsi Dieu me soit en aide." Nevertheless, the Acadians afterwards maintained that Governor Phillips had verbally made reservations by which they were permitted to remain "neutrals"; and they were summoned on five occasions between 1749 and 1755 to renew the oath, repudiating the alleged reservations, to which, however, they stubbornly adhered, though they had been explicitly and repeatedly forewarned of the consequences — the forfeiture of their lands and their removal.

"Those who had taken the oath were safe in their homesteads." ("Nova Scotia," Beckles Willson, 1911, p. 74.)

"Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure.

. . . . . .

"Four times the sun has risen and set; and now on the fifth day . . .
Opened and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers."

The men who were summoned to meet the commander in the church were not all confined there until the fifth day, but, however recalcitrant, were allowed to go in squads to their homes to make preparations for departure, their superiority in numbers making it necessary to keep the body under observation. Winslow had a few hundred men; while there were nearly four thousand Acadians in the province.

"And the Necesity of Providing for them Selves and Families, permitted Twenty of them vizt Ten of the Districkt of Grand Pre & Ten of Cannard &c to be absent at a time and to return at the End of Every 24 Houers & Others to go out in their room — the French them Selves to Chose these People, and to be answerable for their return, and their Buissness to Sea their Bretherin Provided for &c, and this Method I have Continued in to this Day and have found no Ileonveniency in it." (Winslow's "Journal.")

"Wives were torn from their husbands and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties."

The description of the embarkation, with implied frequent separation of families, is absolutely denied by the recorded fact of the painstaking and almost universally successful efforts to place members of families in the same transports.

"It remains certain that Winslow did all possible to bring members of the same families in the same transports." (Francis Parkman, "Harper's Weekly," Vol. 69, p. 876.)

"Removed the several men that were Embarked in the Three Different vessels So as to commode each Neighbourhood for their Familys to Joyne them when the other Transportes arrives." (Winslow's "Journal.")

"But the soldiers strove their best to perform their painful duty as humanely as possible, and no unnecessary harshness marked their operations." ("Nova Scotia," Beckles Willson, 1911, p. 75.)

"'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor."

The embarkation, here represented as a wild scramble accomplished in two turns of the tide, in reality occupied weeks, partly owing to the lack of transports. The removal, comprising 5788 persons, actually began on October 8, and was not entirely completed until December 20. Where the exiles were landed,

"with but few trifling exceptions they were humanely treated and supported at public expense; throwing into bold relief the cold and repellent reception the three thousand refugees who found their way into Canada met with at the hands of their fellow countrymen who gave them hides and horse-flesh as food, and scant supply at this, as many of them, it is recorded on the dark pages of French-Canadian history,

died from starvation." ("The Fall of New France," 1755-60, Gerald E. Hart, 1888.)

Of Winslow it may be said that family traditions justify the indication of character in the portrait owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society,— he was urbane, genial, and kind-hearted, characteristics inconsistent with the baseless accusations, by some writers, of inhumanity and cruelty. His proclamation, denounced as "cruel irony" by the document which described the poem as "translated history into poetry," is known to have expressed "the feelings of a soldier obliged to fulfil a painful duty performed with all consideration in his power" (Francis Parkman, "Harper's Weekly," Vol. 69, p. 876).

"He has left on record that the task in which he was now engaged was a most uncongenial one." ("In Acadia," New Orleans, 1888, Historical Sketch of the Acadians, John R. Ficklen.)

"Es steht fest dass Winslow sein Möglichtes tat, um Angehörige einer Familie in dasselbe Fahrzeug zu bringen." ("Longfellow's Evangeline Kritische Ausgabe mit Einleitung, Untersuchungen über die Geschichte des englischen Hexameters und Anmerkungen," von Ernst Sieper, Dr. phil., a. o. Professor an der Universität München, Heidelberg, 1905.)

Along with the vindication of an act whose cruel necessity has been impugned so unjustly, goes the personal vindication of the chief actor therein. The advocates of the church which is still that of French Canada have shut their eyes to the truth of the Acadian situation, involving some of its clergy and membership, and have not failed to assert that Winslow should have "declined to carry out a project so repellent to generosity and justice." On the contrary, if his character was such as Parkman describes, the manly and dutiful undertaking of the painful task is an evidence of its unavoidable exigency. The historian's estimate is just. The commander of the Acadian expedition was a worthy descendant of the ancestor whose kindness to Massasoit saved the infant Plymouth colony from destruction by the natives, who prevented its removal to Jamaica according to the Protector's design, by Cromwell's regard for the "smooth tongued cunning fellow," as his enemy Maverick called him, and who created the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among his beloved Indians.

ERVING WINSLOW.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 25, 1916.

EXTRINSIC VALUES IN ART.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

That the application of the term "quaint" to Chaucer betokens a superficial acquaintance with the poet is the dictum recently enunciated by a leading Chaucerian scholar. "The ancients did not know that they were ancient." Great art cannot be quaint.

Perhaps it is only in self-defence that I venture to differ. Is it not really legitimate to feel that certain art *is* "quaint"? Does only the superficial student detect a quaint something in Chaucer? Does not the whole matter come back to the point of view?

Any phenomenon in nature — the odor of jasmine, for instance,— is not quite the same to you as to me. To a slight difference in mere denotation, due to idiosyncracies in our olfactory nerves, add the difference in connotation due to the differences in the environment and experience of our lives, and one must be impressed by the varieties of appeal that a single natural phenomenon may make to various human beings. To one who encounters jasmine for the first time, it gives forth merely a rich, delightful fragrance — or, possibly, not delightful; to another, born and bred amid jasmine, the fragrance brings with it clouds of memories and romance. A familiar landscape is sweet and restful; foreign scenery piques and stimulates. A view in Japan is two quite different things to an American and to a Japanese. The appeal of its beauty to the two beholders may be equal, but cannot be identical; for to the one it is native, to the other alien.

Differences in the impressions produced by nature, however, are not so striking as in those produced by the human elements in scenery. Physiognomy, costume, habitations, monuments of architecture are either familiar or strange; and this fact greatly intensifies the difference between the impressions produced by a Japanese scene upon a native and upon a foreigner. If one includes less tangible elements of the human sort — language, customs, habits of thought — all the more does the appeal of things Japanese to an American diverge from their appeal to a native of Japan.

Now, it is just these elements, natural and human, which enter into the composition of art. To a person of our race there must needs appear in a Japanese painting something strange and curious, a beauty unknown and alien. The natural and human differences have been magnified in passing through the mind of the artist, with its Japanese habits of thought, and we feel with redoubled force an appeal unlike that with which we are familiar and at home. Whether the art be painting, sculpture, architecture, music, or literature, this flavor of the Asiatic and the Japanesque must reach us as it cannot possibly reach a native Japanese. The Japanese soul is, in the object of art, a soul differentiated by centuries of development from that of the American. Only by transmuting himself into a Japanese may the American feel Japanese art as it is felt by the native of Japan. How difficult — if not impossible — is such transmutation of personality appears in such striking persons as Kipling and Lafcadio Hearn. These writers never became Japanese or Hindu: on the contrary, their very sensitiveness to the alien and exotic flavor of Japanese and Hindu life and art enabled them to act as intermediaries between the East and the West. No man — may one be so dogmatic? — can ever be native to both hemispheres.

So it is, likewise, if we move backward in time instead of stepping across the world in space. No twentieth-century reader of Homer will register the same impression of the Iliad as was made upon the mind of an Homeric Greek or of Pericles. No one can now read Dante with a mediæval

mind and heart. Neither can any reader quite cease to be of his own generation as he cons the charming lines of Chaucer. Let him become as familiar as he can with Chaucer's language, style, rhythm, thought, personality, environment, still there remain in the background of consciousness Shakespeare and all the moderns to forbid the complete abolishment of the perspective of time. Chaucer to the scholar of to-day is not quite the beloved master of Lydgate and Occleve. To be sure, this *tertium quid*, the resultant of the interaction of two personalities far separated in time,— the writer and the reader,— must be much less pronounced in the case of a mature scholar than in that of a beginner in mediæval literature. Yet it cannot wholly vanish.

Call the quality of this appeal "quaintness," or what you will,— is it to be lamented? Well, that depends. In reading a writer so great that his thought, style, and personality are worthy of eternal remembrance, a sense of strangeness may be a hindrance to our highest enjoyment and profit. Dante we should strive to see without needless distortion. It is surely wise that Shakespeare should be printed in modern style, with modern spelling, except for scholars. But in the case of less lofty specimens of literature, quaintness may be an unearned increment, a gracious bestowal of Time, — moss, lichens, and ivy upon structures otherwise less appealing. In contemporary art we enjoy a sense of fresh contemporaneousness; why not treat ourselves when reading Boccaccio and Chaucer to a flavor of the remote, the antique, the beautifully quaint?

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

Southern Methodist University,
Dallas, Texas, Jan. 26, 1916.

THE "TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS" FOLK-SONG.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The "Bit of Folk Poetry" in your issue for January 6, page 13, is well worthy of record; but your correspondent, Mr. Nelson Antrim Crawford, is mistaken in thinking that the verses have never been published. I remember the book as a Christmas gift in childhood, some time in the '80's probably. It was a gorgeously illustrated quarto-pamphlet, received by me near Boston, Massachusetts, but imported no doubt from England. Mr. Crawford's version differs somewhat from my recollection of the printed verses. Each stanza of mine ended with "Some part of a juniper tree" ("And" being prefixed in the stanzas following the first), instead of "A beautiful juniper tree." The "Twelve bulls a-roaring" and "Eleven lords a-leaping" had a somewhat more graceful substitute in my edition, which I am unable just now to recall. It would seem to be a nursery song, from about Shakespeare's time or before, and some of our English readers may know more of its origin, or whether it came by chance from even earlier French lines.

GERTRUDE RICHARDSON BRIGHAM.

Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 20, 1916.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The Christmas folk-poem quoted in your issue of January 6 has long been familiar to students of English folk-lore. See the publications of the Percy Society, "Early English Poetry," volume 4, "The Nursery Rhymes of England," by Halliwell-Phillips, where it appears as number 226. A slightly different version is given in the fifth edition of the "Nursery Rhymes," 1886. The version sent in by Mr. Crawford differs in a few details; "colored balls" is substituted for the original "colly birds," "chests of linen" for "geese a-laying," etc.

The poem is of course a game, and tests a child's ability to repeat all that has been sung and to add a new line. There is a similar game played by American children, which begins, "My Aunt Mary went to England, and packed in her trunk" . . .

The traditional music of the English nursery rhyme has, I believe, also been preserved.

CHAUNCEY B. TINKER.

Yale University, Jan. 22, 1916.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In regard to the communication in your issue of January 6 concerning the quaint folk-song, "The Twelve Days of Christmas," your readers may be interested to know that one version of this song has been published and is available in two forms. "The Complete Mother Goose," published by the H. M. Caldwell Co., (1902) pp. 222-4, includes this in a group of children's finger games. It is also published with the original musical setting by Novello. The song is a great favorite with the students of Milwaukee-Downer College, who have sung it at their Christmas Revels for the last six years.

It is evidently one of the many counting songs used by fond parents of the olden time to relieve the tedium of mechanical memorizing. The accumulative process of incremental repetition is an old favorite with children, as is seen in "The House that Jack Built," "A gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog," and many others. This version enumerates the following gifts from "my true love": A partridge in a pear tree, two turtle doves, three French hens, four calling birds (also written collie birds), five gold rings, six geese a-laying, seven swans a-swimming, eight maids a-miiking, nine drummers drumming, ten pipers piping, eleven ladies dancing, twelve lords a-leaping. The order, from nine to twelve, seems to vary.

Another quaint counting game, evidently used by parish priests to fix in the minds of youth certain articles of belief, though combining in grotesque fashion, as was not at all uncommon, secular ideas with the ecclesiastical, is "The Twelve O's." This song comes from Cornwall and reads as follows:

"Come and I will sing you;
What will you sing me?
I will sing you one O;
What is your one O?
One of them is God and Man
and ever will remain so.

"Come and I will sing you;
What will you sing me?
I will sing you two O;
What is your two O?

Two of them are lily-white babes
all clothed in green O,
One of them is God and Man
and ever will remain so."

The other O's enumerated are as follows:

"Three of them are strangers,
Four are the gospel preachers
Five are the fishermen in the boat,
Six are the cheerful waiters,
Seven are the seven stars in the sky,
Eight are the great Archangels,
Nine's the moonshine bright and clear,
Ten are the ten commandments,
Eleven of them are gone to Heaven
Twelve are the twelve apostles."

A secular adaptation of this folk-song, local names being substituted for those in the original, was sung to the original tune by the Class of 1915 of Milwaukee-Downer College on class day last June.

EMILY F. BROWN.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 21, 1916.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the issue of THE DIAL for January 6, attention is called to a bit of folk-poetry, beginning "On the first day of Christmas" and going on to the twelfth day in cumulative fashion.

Your contributor thinks that this poem has never been printed. The general form of the ballad, with variations, may be found on page 258 of "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes" (Fred'k Warne & Co.), a treasure house of folk-lore jingles and games. The items differ somewhat from your version, but that is accounted for by oral tradition, in which considerable freedom was allowed. The idea is to make a game for children, to "do a stunt" of memory and oral glibness. The directions are, "Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day and raises her fingers and hands according to the numbers named. Forfeits are paid for each mistake."

On page 445 of this same edition of "Mother Goose" is another cumulative piece, as follows:

"A kid, a kid my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

"Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!"

And so on, for ten stanzas, with an interpretation based on the Chaldee or the Hebrew version, reviewing the history of the world.

I recently made a collection of little songs sung by children when jumping rope (last spring), among which was one that I dubbed "The Endless Chain." It is not cumulative, but it might go on forever as a "stunt" in matching rhymes. It reminds one of an "endless controversy," where each one is trying to have the last word; or it may hark back to ancient "amœbic" verse, a pastoral diversion of shepherds. The lines are as follows:

"Mother, Mother, guess what I heard!
Pa's going to buy me a mocking bird.

"If the mocking bird won't sing,
Pa's going to buy me a diamond ring.

"If the diamond ring turns to brass,
Pa's going to buy me a looking glass.

"If the looking glass gets broke,
Pa's going to buy me a Billy Goat.

"If the Billy Goat runs away,
Pa's going to buy me a horse and sleigh.

"If the horse and sleigh won't go,
Pa's going to buy me — I don't know!"

This is recited in very sing-song fashion, while turning rope for jumping. The game is to see if the child jumping can jump without missing until the whole story has been recited. If she does, the girls who are turning the rope then recite "Salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper," turning faster and faster until the jumper misses.

I have an interesting collection of these jumping-rope songs. They add greatly to the enjoyment of jumping rope, and belong, no doubt, in the department of folk-lore. They have been sung for years,— one for thirty years, I judge, having passed down from mother to child.

CHARLES D. PLATT.

Dover, N. J., Jan. 22, 1916.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Apropos of Mr. Crawford's version I venture to send that by which my mother was wont to sing me to sleep. The twelfth line escapes me, but she would not have sung about "roaring bulls." Probably it escapes me because I went to sleep at eleven, so to speak. The tune was a minor, very different from that of another quaint cumulative song that she sometimes used.

"The twelfth day of Christmas
My true-love sent to me
Twelve * * * *,
Eleven lords a leaping,
Ten men a hunting,
Nine fiddlers playing,
Eight ladies dancing,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four Cornish birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle-doves,
And a partridge upon a pear tree."

EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS.

Chicago, Jan. 25, 1916.

CAPITALS AND THE NEW POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

May one who is fond of the old-fashioned poets ask why the moderns, whose motto seems to be "Off with the old, on with the new," have not gone one step further in their crusade to free poetry from all the shackles of the past? Why have they not done away with the capitals at the beginning of the lines of their "vers libre"? Is their reluctance to do this very consistent thing due to the fact that there is a lurking fear that their poetry may be mistaken for prose?

RAYMOND W. PENCE.

Granville, Ohio, Jan. 28, 1916.

The New Books.

The Genius of Saranac.*

So distasteful to Dr. Trudeau, "the beloved physician" of Saranac, was anything like personal fame or popular applause that the wonder is he could ever have been induced to write a book sure to add considerably to such measure of renown as he had hitherto been unable to escape. But his friends persuaded him that he owed it to the medical profession, to those afflicted as he himself so long had been, and to the world in general, to tell the story of his life and work; and doubtless, too, the plan of withholding the book from publication until after the writer's death helped appreciably to tone down for him the terrors of successful authorship. At any rate, we now have from his hand "An Autobiography," characteristically unpretentious in its title, but rich in human interest and almost as remarkable for what the discerning eye reads between the lines as in what those lines themselves explicitly set forth. At the same time there comes from another hand, from a congenial friend of the autobiographer and in some measure a fellow-sufferer with him, a short but vividly executed sketch of the man, under the title, "The Beloved Physician." Mr. Stephen Chalmers is the author, and what he has so appreciatively written about the founder of Saranac has already won approval in the "Atlantic." He now prefixes Dr. Trudeau's "last public utterance," an address on "The Value of Optimism in Medicine," written as he lay on a bed of suffering, and delivered before the Eighth Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons at Washington, May 2, 1910, when the speaker's bodily condition hardly admitted of his standing up and going through the task.

The chief external facts of the life now in some sense laid open to our view may be briefly related. Edward Livingston Trudeau, of French descent on both sides, and with physicians in both paternal and maternal branches of the family, was born in New York City, October 5, 1848, was taken to Paris in 1851 by his mother and her father, returned to his native city soon after the Civil War ended, and became painfully aware, as he himself told his American girl cousins, to their undisguised amusement, that "ze English language is a véry hard language to pronounciate." Much gaiety and even a mild degree of dissipation seem to have marked this adolescent period of his life before he at last felt the hereditary prompting to the pursuit of medicine. Before that, however, among other abortive undertakings, he had started to train himself for the navy, being as he relates, "packed off to a preparatory school at Newport, as the Naval Academy and the old ship Constitution, on which the cadets lived, were then at Newport." Mr. Chalmers must be in error when he tells us, in this connection, that an elder brother of Edward's "had preceded him to Annapolis." It was this elder brother, as both accounts inform us, who preceded the younger in contracting tuberculosis and in succumbing, far more quickly than in Edward's case, to its inroads. Beautiful in their revelation of character are the words written by the autobiographer about this brother, and touching is the account of the young lad's devoted nursing of the patient through the three months of his rapid decline to the final death-bed scene. Sacrificing his own plans and throwing up his appointment as midshipman, the junior brother gave what we now see to have been little short of his very life to ease the other's sufferings. He writes of this early victim to a disease then little understood:

"From childhood he had been delicate, having a congenital heart trouble, and any over-exertion, excitement or fatigue caused his heart's action to become irregular and his nails and lips to turn blue. For this reason, though some years younger than he was, I had always cared for him and helped him and fought his battles with the French boys at school, who took advantage of his lack of strength to torment him. He, on the other hand, was a very strong, unselfish and beautiful character, deeply religious, and constantly trying to help me in the straight and narrow path from which I was apt to wander. . . .

"My brother had a rapidly progressive type of tuberculosis and my time was soon entirely taken up in caring for his needs. We had no trained nurses in those days, and I took entire care of him from the time he was taken ill in September until he died on December 23, 1865. We occupied the same room and sometimes the same bed. I bathed him and brought his meals to him, and when he felt well enough to go downstairs I carried him up and down on my back, and I tried to amuse and cheer him through the long days of fever and sickness. . . . Not only did the doctor never advise any precautions to protect me against infection, but he told me repeatedly never to open the windows, as it would aggravate the cough; and I never did, until toward the end my brother was so short of breath that he asked for fresh air."

Such, then, was a significant part of the training of him who was ere long to become the pioneer in an earnest and intelligent

* An Autobiography. By Edward Livingston Trudeau, M.D. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Beloved Physician, Edward Livingston Trudeau. By Stephen Chalmers. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

effort to arrest if not overcome tuberculosis by the open-air treatment. His medical education for the work before him, though he knew not then what that work was to be, he secured at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York; and after graduation in 1871 he entered upon the practice of his profession in the same city, with Dr. Fessenden Otis. "In the same year," as Mr. Chalmers records the facts, "unconscious that he was doomed to his brother's disease, he married Miss Charlotte Beare, of Douglaston, Long Island, to whom he ever attributed the inspiration of his labors through nearly half a century. The marriage was a perfect one, although attended by many sorrows. Three of their four children died. One son survives — Dr. Francis B. Trudeau. The death of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, Jr., in 1906, was a great blow to his father and a loss to the medical profession."

At the age of twenty-five, after repeated but unheeded warnings, Trudeau was amazed and for a moment stunned to hear himself doomed as a well-nigh hopeless case of tuberculosis. How he pulled himself together, went into the Adirondacks against medical advice, repaired to an astonishing extent the ravages of his malady, taught the world from his mountain retreat how best to withstand that dreaded disease, and became the founder of a large open-air colony of health-seekers, is known to some extent, though the founder's name has, as he desired, escaped the trumpeting that would have been so little to his taste. Where it has been heard it has been received, for some curious reason, as the name of one who, long ago, perhaps in the Stevensonian era, did his work at Saranac and passed to his reward. That, on the contrary, he was a very much alive man up to last November, the books now relating his history make sufficiently evident.

The foregoing reference to Stevenson will serve to introduce him as the most illustrious visitor to Saranac Lake and the valued friend of Saranac's presiding genius. Dr. Trudeau writes of him:

"Mr. Stevenson was my patient, but as he was not really ill while here I had comparatively few professional calls to make on him. He was so attractive, however, in conversation that I found myself, as it was growing dark, very often seated by the big fireplace in the Baker cottage having a good talk with my illustrious patient."

As the writer himself admits, there was little in his laboratory researches and professional interests to appeal to the brilliant novelist; but there was a congeniality of temperament that made companionship agreeable. Mr. Chalmers concluded from what the doctor told him that "they agreed on so many of the greater things of life that they had to disagree about trivial matters for the sake of something to discuss. They actually got into heated argument over the great issue as to which was superior, the American system of *transferring baggage*, or the British method of *handling luggage*." Very characteristic was Stevenson's emphatic utterance after he had escorted an admiring lady visitor to the door and shut the latter rather forcibly upon her departure: "Trudeau, it is not the great unwashed whom I dread; it is the great washed!"

Of Trudeau's labors at Saranac, chiefly charitable and unremunerative labors, there is room to say but little here. Amazing is the amount of work he did in those strenuous years. It was enough to break down a strong man, and he was an invalid. He speaks of his waiting room, his piazza, and even the lawn as being filled with patients on many occasions when he returned home from some occupation elsewhere; and further:

"The waiting room, which one lady always spoke of as my 'menagerie,' must have impressed others, for on going into the patients' cottages at the Sanitarium one day I came across an excellent caricature of myself which a patient, the Reverend Mr. Westcott, a brother of the author of *David Harum*, had drawn. I was depicted sitting behind a high picket fence with a double-barreled shot-gun on my lap, waving back an excited crowd who were all shouting impossible questions at me about their health, while underneath was written, 'The Penalty of Fame!' The thing struck me as so funny that I begged it of him, and I still have it as a remembrance of those strenuous office hours."

Much of the wisdom that comes only from hard experience is reflected in Dr. Trudeau's pages. An intimate talk with him must have been something to remember. In the words taken down from his mouth by Mr. Chalmers there is much grim humor — "the grim humor of grit," as his friend calls it. One day, toward the end, after assuring Mr. Chalmers that he was "not going to die right away," he added cheerfully, "No such luck!" His next remarks are worth quoting.

"But what is the scheme of this business — of life — suffering — death? I do n't understand. It reminds me of the English 'Cat and Mouse' bill for suffragists. They put a woman in a cell till she's near dead of starvation. Then they let her out for a square meal — so she can get strength enough to suffer some more. You've got to have feeling, you know, to suffer. There's a philosophy, by the way, for those who fear the agony of death. As you lose the enduring powers of life, you lose also the sensibility to suffering. It must be so. It is so.

I have seen it many times. . . . Cat and mouse — life and death. Death's the cat — comes and paws until poor life is about dead to all feeling. Then the cat retires into a dark corner and purrs while the mouse gets a little life back, so as to be more sensible of suffering when the cat comes pawing again. I do n't say there's no reason behind it — but I can't see it — can you?"

There we have the man and his philosophy; and if the life-story of such a man, with its interspersed commentary on the significant occurrences in that life, is not well worth reading, where shall we find a book that is?

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

INTERPRETATIONS OF LITERATURE.*

Death has by no means put an end to the publication of writings by Lafcadio Hearn. His latest posthumous work, "Interpretations of Literature," comprising some eight hundred pages in two ponderous volumes, is calmly announced by the editor, Professor John Erskine, to be merely initial. Material to the amount of 400,000 or 500,000 words is available; and will no doubt in due time, or undue time, be published *in toto*. This material is in the form of notes taken by students who attended Lafcadio Hearn's lectures while he held the chair of English literature in the University of Tokyo (1896-1902); in lecturing, he "used no notes, but for the convenience of his class, who were listening to a foreign language, he dictated slowly, and certain of his abler students managed to take down long passages, whole lectures, even a series of lectures, word for word."

As might be expected, the record of the lectures unfortunately reveals many traces of their impromptu presentation. Inconsistencies are common; exaggerations abound; commonplace statement of fact (commonplace, that is, to the Occidental reader) causes many a page to be pedestrian, if not dull; occasionally the lecturer blunders upon a term, like "sheet-lightning," which must be laboriously explained to an audience unfamiliar with it; here and there the style is far from typical of Hearn,—as in this sentence, apparently a definition of Wordsworth: "Wordsworth was a man who composed nearly all of his shorter poems standing up." In brief, these lectures are decidedly ragged, and would have been a dismal nightmare to Hearn if he, with his love of finish, had had an opportunity to see them. When advised to print his lectures, he responded that they were too lacking in form: "Were I to rewrite each of them ten or fifteen times, I might print them. But that would not be worth while." Hearn then goes on to disparage himself in terms as exaggerated as those in Professor Erskine's praise of him: "I am not a scholar, nor a competent critic of the best; there are scores of men able to do the same thing incomparably better. . . I have not the scholarship needed for the development and exercise of the critical faculty, in the proper sense of the term." On the other hand, Professor Erskine is bold enough to assert of these lectures: "In substance if not in form they are criticism of the finest kind, unmatched in English unless we return to the best of Coleridge, and in some ways unequalled by anything in Coleridge."

Both of these wholesale utterances surely need radical modification; the truth lies, as one might expect, in that golden mean which Hearn decried. So far as Hearn's estimate of himself is concerned, it is clear that he underrated his scholarship, and overrated in general the need of wide scholarship in the kind of writing congenial to him. As for Professor Erskine's estimate, it is difficult to see, from these "initial" eight hundred pages, how Coleridge's reputation as a critic is in any respect to be eclipsed by Hearn's. To some extent, this disagreement between Hearn and his editor is apparently due to a difference in the use of the term "criticism." When Hearn speaks of "the critical faculty, in the proper sense of the term," he perhaps thinks of criticism primarily as judgment — certainly that *is* "the proper sense of the term." However responsive in sensibility, Hearn very likely felt that he did not know enough to be a good judge of literature. But to Professor Erskine, criticism apparently is an account of "the effect of the writing upon the reader"; it is a "showing you what is waiting there to be seen"; it is, in a word, not judgment, but interpretation.

This brings us to the central quarrel among the critics of literature — should the first aim of the critic be to interpret or to judge? — a quarrel by no means in a way to be settled soon, or to be renewed at length here. It will suffice, in this connection, to point out that as a judge of literature Hearn is by no means distinguished. Aside from not very remarkable specific assertions, such as his designation of Stevenson as "one of the finest masters of style in all English literature," or his conclusion that, in comparison with Tennyson, Arnold was "not a great thinker or a profound poet," or his astonishing dictum that the poetry of Coleridge is

* INTERPRETATIONS OF LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"such poetry that there is nothing greater in English past or present, and can scarcely be anything greater in the English of the future" (are the transcribers of Hearn's lectures perchance at fault here?), an entire lecture like the one "On Romantic and Classic Literature, in Relation to Style" is a clear indication of Hearn's all but complete lack of the poise and disinterestedness of the mind that judges ably. This is how he seeks "to define the romantic position": "It is right and artistic to choose whatever form of literary expression an author may prefer, provided only that the form be beautiful and correct." We need not make much of the odd implication that what is beautiful is artistic; but what of the word *correct?* What decides whether the form be *correct?* Is not that a tacit confession of the need of a standard other than the one proposed in the definition itself? He proceeds to contrast with this meaningless definition a definition of classicism that does violence to pseudo-classicism even, which, indeed, and not classicism, he is trying to define:

"You have no right whatever to choose your own forms of literary expression, either in poetry or in prose. Experience has proved that the forms which we prescribe are the best, and whatever you have to say must be said according to our rules. If you do not obey those rules, you will be inflicting an injury upon your native language and your native literature; and for such an injury you cannot be forgiven."

Elsewhere, in a lecture on Keats, he described the genuine classic style:

"Well, in the mind of the old Greeks, who saw great truths perfectly, the beauty of utterance consisted in expressing the largest truth in the most direct and frank way, and in language that a child could understand."

Toward the end of the lecture on the two schools, the critic, with unconscious legerdemain, reaches some curious conclusions. He is attempting the futile task of proving the superiority of the Romantic school by showing how abundant great Romantic literature is. "Out of all the glorious names on the roll of European [as contrasted with Oriental] literature you will find that the vast majority are names of romanticists." He does not name them, but says he "might cite fifty names by way of illustration." Fifty would be wearisome, but let us name for him a few (the very greatest) of these redundantly numerous "romanticists": in Greece, Homer and Sophocles; in Italy, Virgil, Horace, and Dante; in France, Racine and Molière; in Germany, Goethe; in England, Shakespeare and Milton. This fine showing is to be explained by the fact that the Classic school, championing impersonality, is moving in the wrong direction, while the Romantic school, championing personality, naturally achieves genius (for "Personality, in its highest forms, signifies Genius"). Hearn goes on to illustrate the superiority of Romanticism by remarking that in nineteenth century English literature there is not a single Classic writer of importance: significant, surely, in a Romantic century, when even Romanticism did not produce a poet of the first rank!

Distinction as a judge of literature is surely *not* to be attained by a mind that moves in these mysterious ways. But another distinction Lafcadio Hearn as surely had,—he was an illuminating teacher. He showed infinite skill in presenting Western thought and emotion to an Eastern audience, a skill that might be illustrated at length. It is another and more essential skill, however, that justifies the publication of these volumes, —the presentation of literary thought and emotion in such a manner that the meaning of the text, or the coherence of the poet's life, is revealed to the reader far more clearly than before. The title of the work is appropriate; these lectures are truly interpretations of literature. Professor Erskine rightly characterizes Hearn's ideal of the teaching of literature as "rare and beautiful": that ideal being, in Hearn's words, to teach literature "as the expression of emotion and sentiment, —as the representation of life. In considering a poet I tried to explain the quality and the powers of the emotion he produces." Although the intellectual point of view is unhappily slighted in this ideal, it is surely a "rare and beautiful" ideal in comparison with that which still dominates in the historical, scientific, Germanized departments of literature in the American university; though the present world earthquake is already causing signs of a change in the minds and bosoms of Productive Scholarship. The following, from a "Note on the Study of Shakespeare," though not without Hearn's romantic twist, is salutary advice for the secondary-school teachers of our day, even for university teachers:

"The study of Shakespeare . . must be based upon imagination. I mean that the best way to study a play of Shakespeare is to try to understand perfectly, not the language, which is often a matter of very secondary importance, but the situations. . . To approach Shakespeare, the student ought first to get rid of the idea he is about to study a monument of language. . . The style and the language of Shakespeare are the least important part of his creations, while in the other poets

they form the most important part. . . And so it were better that in reading Shakespeare you should begin by paying least attention to the language and most attention to the action — or, to be more explicit, the living incident of the plays."

"Imagination," "the living incident of the plays," these are, as every teacher knows in his heart, central in the study of Shakespeare and many another poet, and not Sources, Elizabethan English, the Elizabethan Stage, Elizabethan London, Elizabethan Manners, and all the other backgrounds and foregrounds and sidegrounds that distract attention from the centre.

The foregoing discussion hardly suggests the range of subjects embraced in these lectures. The first volume is mainly a nineteenth century selection, containing lectures on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Hood, Carlyle, Writers of Prose Fiction, Meredith, etc., (with a separate index for the volume). Volume II is a miscellaneous collection,— the Bible, Ballads, Berkeley, Longfellow, the Havamal, Poems about Insects, etc. A single illustration of Hearn's mode of treatment in discussing a particular poem must serve. In the lecture on Wordsworth, after a few words on flowers in English poetry, "The Daffodils" is printed entire; then comes this passage, in which the meaning is surely brought home to a mind previously unresponsive:

"The daffodil is a bright yellow flower, and a bed of daffodils in blossom really produces such a blaze of color as would remind a Japanese traveller of the blossoming of the *Natane* in some parts of this country. The effect described by the poet must have been greatly enhanced by the proximity of the dancing lake-water beyond the flowers, bright blue under the sun. You know what a fine contrast is made by the meeting of blue and yellow. This is a bit of painting from the English lakes. But the point of the poem, written nearly one hundred years ago, is not in the description; it comes, like a surprise, with the last stanza. Have you ever noticed what the effect of certain bright scenes may be upon your own senses? It is at night particularly that the phenomenon may be studied. You blow out the lamp and lie down to sleep, and close your eyes; then, all at once, in the dark you see in bright sunshine some incident that impressed you during the day. Perhaps it is a street, with people passing by, and children playing; and perhaps it is the face of a friend with whom you have been talking. Or it is a scene of travelling,— a stretch of sea beach, with waves breaking silently. This may come to you again and again — come to you also in dreams, and you will never entirely forget it. I am told that old persons see these after-images more clearly than young persons; but everybody sees them at times. This is more than what is commonly called imagination or memory; perhaps we might call it perfected visual memory. It may be pleasant or unpleasant. But if the experience thus recalled be of a happy and beautiful kind, a visual memory is accompanied by the revival of the same happy feeling.

"It is so in the poet's case. He felt more than common pleasure in the sight of the yellow flowers swaying in the summer breeze beside the sunlit water; and afterwards, whenever the picture returned to his memory, he felt the joy of the moment again — the happiness of the season, and of the sunlight and of the bright air, all of which seem to him expressed by the 'dancing' of the yellow flowers. One expression in the last stanza I hope you will remember, as it is now very famous — 'that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.' Of course the poet means, by 'inward eye,' the faculty of imagination; and imagination indeed makes the pleasure of solitude — that is, enables its possessor to be happy in spite of being alone."

NORMAN FOERSTER.

"PASSAGE TO MORE THAN INDIA."*

When a book on anything concerned with India is described on the title-page as "a traveller's record," a reviewer is likely to be distrustful. But he must remember that there are travellers and travellers; and in the case of Dr. Pratt's "India and Its Faiths," he must finally adjudge the words both modest and significant. One of the delights of faring about the "multanimous peninsula" is the willingness of the native and the resident alien to talk helpfully, if you are genuinely and intelligently interested; but not less striking is their capacity for turning the coldest of cold shoulders, if you are just "globe-trottingly" and superficially inquisitive. Fortunately for himself and his readers, Dr. Pratt belonged to the former type of questioner, being most generously equipped before he landed; and he evidently utilized every moment of a rich and active visit to correct his impressions and broaden his knowledge. His training in the problems of psychology and religion (he is professor of philosophy in Williams College) made an admirable propædeutic for his investigations in India; and he has given us a thoughtful book, that is scholarly with no tinge of pedantry, and is unmarred by the intolerance of the old-time missionary zealot on the one hand, or the love-blinded enthusiasm of such thoroughgoing converts as Sister Nivedita on the other. He still believes in the superiority of Christianity as a working religion, and in the West as opening more useful doors on the future; but

* INDIA AND ITS FAITHS. By James Bissett Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

he believes this only in spirit of one who has seen India and its people with wise and kindly eyes:

"It is hard for me to conceive how one can stay anytime among them without finding them truly lovable and without imbibing a genuine respect for the simple dignity of their lives, the quiet courtesy of their manners, their uncomplaining endurance of hardships, their unbounded hospitality, and the feeling for spiritual values, which, in spite of gross superstition, is unmistakable in the Indian atmosphere."

For the monotheistic or agnostic Occidental, the easiest approach to a study of Indian religions would seem to lie through Mohammedanism. Of course the followers of the prophet number only some sixty-seven millions,—about a fifth of the population; but their faith is fairly familiar to us all, and at the same time it has been so influenced by its sojourn in India as to offer a tiny bit of help in making the transition to Hinduism.

One feature of Mohammedanism that is always interesting, the problem of predestination, receives its full share of attention from our author. He reports that both the learned theologian and the ordinary tradesman insisted stoutly on their belief in the freedom of the will, and he adduces the following conversation as typical:

"Question. 'Does everything happen in accordance with God's will, so that nothing is done anywhere in the universe which He does not decree?'

"Answer. 'Yes, everything that happens and everything that is done by man or by anyone else is in accord with God's will.'

"Q. 'When a man sins, then, it is God that makes him sin?'

"A. 'Oh, no, not at all. God never wills sin.'

"Q. 'How do you reconcile this with your former statement?'

"A. 'You see, man's *power* to sin, as man's *power* for all his actions, comes from God. But man's *choice* of sin is his own and is against the will of God. God is displeased at sin.'

"Q. 'Then man's will is free?'

"A. 'Oh, yes.'

"Q. 'Then some things do happen that are not in accordance with God's will?'

"A. 'Yes.'"

But it must be remembered that a discussion of God's possible responsibility for sin trenches on very delicate and difficult ground; and we respectfully believe that the Indian Moslem is much more of a fatalist than such a conversation might imply. When a Mohammedan trader concludes his bartering with you by making the simple dignified assertion, "If it is destined that I sell you the wares, I shall sell you the wares," he is speaking much more naturally and significantly than when he has been deliberately engaged in a discussion of predestination as connected with God's responsibility for sin; and we believe that Dr. Pratt's conclusion as to the popular belief in free will would have been modified by a wider and less formal investigation.

As an example of the changes effected in Mohammedanism by its alien surroundings, we may mention the greater tolerance of the Indian Moslemite, as compared with his Arab or Turkish co-religionist. This difference is very marked; and Dr. Pratt was naturally astonished when he was asked not only to attend the Friday service at Benares and kneel with the faithful during prayers, but also to make an address in the mosque at the conclusion of the ceremonies. But the influence we have in mind is seen in its extreme form in the coloring of popular Mohammedanism by Hinduism in very many districts. This coloring is touched upon by Dr. Pratt in passing; but it is deeply significant for historian and philosopher alike, and deserves more extended notice. It is impossible to give exact figures; but one might almost talk of millions of Indian Moslems who are to be distinguished from Hindus for the most part in name only. They join their Hindu fellows cheerfully in all sorts of religious festivals, share piously their idolatrous rites, and feel much more at home with the kindly Ganesh than with the solitary and distant Allah. Hinduism is incredibly absorbent on its native ground.

When the honest student passes from Mohammedanism to Hinduism, he passes from the difficult to the desperate. Let any intelligent inquirer converse with a venerable pundit about the realization of the self in divine love, and go next morning to the reeking sacrificial services at the Kalighat shrine. Let him read the transcendent teachings of Rabindranath Tagore, and then turn to such a book as Thurston's "Omens and Superstitions of Southern India," or to some of the unblinking pages in the invaluable "Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies" of the Abbé Dubois. Let him ponder the higher aspects of the doctrine of transmigration, and then consider the more repugnant and terrible features of child marriage. All glib conclusions and ambitious formulæ seem strangely pitiable. Nor does our author disguise the difficulty. Throughout six rather long chapters he does all one can to give an impartial treatment of the subjects indicated or implied by such captions as "Hindu Worship," "The Many Gods," "The One God," "Duty and Destiny," "The Hindu

Dharma," and "Teachers, Priests, and Holy Men." And on the whole his achievement is distinctly praiseworthy, the chapters being replete with sound information and sane judgments.

Naturally, there is no single clue to this colossal labyrinth; but Dr. Pratt comes as near to giving one as is possible by dwelling on the Hindu belief in the soul. "Hindus are sure of the soul. There is nothing else they are so sure of." "Underneath all the strange noises of Hinduism, like the distant murmur of the sea, there sounds ever the far-off music of the soul." And it is some concern about this great practical reality, the soul, that connects Shankara's Brahman, the spiritual unity back of all phenomena, with the thirty-three million gods, or godlings, of the official figures. The average Hindu believes very simply that there are many gods. Very many Hindus would say there are many gods but there is also one God, without feeling any necessity to reconcile his statements. Not a few would say the same thing, and offer a reconciliation, convincing or not; and some would say there is only one God. And within these countless millions you would have every range of attitude from the most degrading devil worship to the most exalted spiritual monotheism, every sort of conduct from the grossest animal indulgence to the most self-immolating asceticism; and every individual considered might rightly lay unhesitating claim to the name of Hindu. It is easy to write that the life of the Hindu is essentially a religious life, not merely a life that is superstitious or filled with pious performances, but, more than that, a life lived in unfailing realization of relations that bind human life to a supernatural world. But when you have said this, you have still an infinity of gradations to take into account, and you must not rest in the deceptive comfort of an alluring definition.

The fact is simply that Hinduism refuses to be generalized. It must be taken step by step, point by point, and, save in the highest spheres, one is often confronted with the fact that what seemed a religious philosophy turns out to be an unreasoning system of caste. And therewith one is launched again on a vast and treacherous ocean. Dr. Pratt writes optimistically: "Nearly everyone who knows anything at all about India knows about caste, so little need be said of it here." But the people who know caste are rare indeed, although you encounter it at every turn in Hindu life and religion. However, we may not follow this tempting theme any further, and must merely repeat the old warning, "Whoso seeketh a work on Hinduism that satisfieth, seeketh forever in vain; yet whoso once beginneth the search will never be satisfied until he hath found such an one." In the meantime Dr. Pratt's volume offers a sane, useful, and stimulating treatment of the more salient features.

Over the remaining chapters we must pass without discussion. They bear such headings as "Reform Movements within Hinduism," "The Kabir Panthis and the Sikhs," "The Parsees," "Christian Missions in India," "Education and Reform." It is particularly hard to refrain from a word or two about Buddhism, and about the possible lessons for America in Indian religion and philosophy. To us the chapter on "What the West Might Learn" does not correspond to the expectations aroused in turning to it after the other sections of the book; but fortunately it is a subject on which each reader will be prepared to form his own conclusions.

Inasmuch as we have commended the book so warmly, even if we have ventured to differ about some not unimportant points, we shall not be misunderstood if we voice a protest on a few details. For instance, there is an occasional infelicitous flippancy, as in the quotation from a friend who spoke of the goddess Kali as "a kind of militant suffragette." Such a statement merely distracts the mind and befogs the discussion. Again, a man who wantonly shoots ducks that cannot possibly be retrieved is not "surely a very typical product of our Western culture with its love of self-assertion and its cult of sport." There is not a good sportsman in England or America who would not brand such wanton slaughter as the work of a cad. Furthermore, it seems to us that Dr. Pratt is generally just a little hard on the Britisher in India; but that is a large subject. Indian life is not all metaphysics and hospitality. As a criticism of a different type, one may regret that the author did not include a brief account of several of the primitive religions so richly represented among the less civilized outlying tribes. Of course these represent a rather remote part of the field for the general reader; but they are interesting and surprisingly instructive.

The book is well printed, contains twenty-four good illustrations, and is appropriately bound. On page 57 mention is made of a picture of Krishna on the cover; but the actual cover shows the delightful lines of the Taj Mahal. In a second edition, which we hope will be demanded very soon, a few statistical tables might well be inserted before the helpful index.

F. B. R. Hellems.

Intelligence as a Moral Obligation.*

Seldom does it fall to the lot of a reviewer to open a book upon which he finds it impossible to bestow anything but unqualified praise, and such a rare experience tends to paralyze that critical faculty the exercise of which he has accustomed himself to regard as his distinctive privilege. It is therefore not without a sense of strangeness that we frankly abandon the customary attitude of criticism, and adopt that of grateful acceptance, inviting all who enjoy good things to share with us the pleasure and profit to be derived from the reading of "The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent," by Dr. John Erskine of Columbia University.

The book takes its name from the first of the four essays of which it is composed, the other three bearing the titles, "The Call to Service," "The Mind of Shakespere," and "Wonder and Magic in Literature." Many readers of "The Hibbert Journal" will recall with pleasure the appearance in its pages, about two years ago, of the titular essay referred to. Its timeliness and its appropriateness to the needs of an age that is conspicuous for its lack of forethought and its empirical habit of "muddling through," must have struck many of its readers at that time. Its excellent literary quality, too, was such as we do not expect and do not frequently find in magazine articles, and it is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we welcome its republication in book form, and the more so that it is re-enforced by three other papers of equal quality.

A volume of "collected essays" cannot usually be regarded homogeneously, or thought of otherwise than as what it is, an assemblage for convenience in publication of separate literary efforts. In these four articles, however, a distinct thread of connection is to be discovered, a unity of aim and purpose, a similarity of direction and a kinship of spirit which it is hard to describe. The connecting thread is the author's conviction indicated in the title of the book that the duty lies upon men not only to acquire that culture which consists in a refinement of the emotions, but to bring the power of the understanding to bear upon all the problems of life. We shall probably be reminded that what we chiefly suffer from in these days is over-intellectualism, and that the present reaction in speculative thinking toward intuitionalism and pragmatism is the inevitable consequence of having laid undue emphasis on the idea of mastering the problems of ontology by the aid of the understanding. It may be true that in the region of pure speculation the instrument of reason has been used for a purpose to which it is unsuited, and that the effort to transcend the finite and comprehend the infinite by means of the intelligence alone is but another of those fruitless attempts to answer the old question stated by Job in the words, "Who shall find out the Almighty to perfection? It is higher than Heaven, deeper than Hell, what canst thou know?" But to recognize the limits beyond which the intellect, when it leaves the atmosphere of human experience, must attempt to soar in a vacuum, is not to deny it its rightful uses within these limits. It is as a necessary part of our equipment for the art of practical living that Dr. Erskine lodges his claim for a deeper recognition of intelligence as among the cardinal virtues.

It is undoubtedly true that our poets and writers of fiction, and those teachers and preachers on whom we have relied for guidance in the conduct of life, have not sufficiently emphasized the need for an intelligent apprehension of the causal relations of things. We have been warned by Solomon that "Out of the heart are the issues of life," by Tennyson that "Knowledge must know her place, she is the second not the first," by Browning that "All else but what man feels is but the froth o' the liquor that o'er-brims the cup and runs to waste adown its side," by Burns that "the heart's aye the part aye that maks us richt or wrang." It has been so hammered into our consciousness that to be good is better than to be clever, that the divine gift of reason has to some extent fallen into disrespect. But here we must feel our way carefully. The universal conviction of the best of men that the rightness of the heart and the possession of those virtues that rightheartedness implies are of primary importance, must not be lightly put aside. A man may be full of errors of the head, his knowledge may be of the most limited description, and his reasoning powers those of a child; yet if his heart is sound, his instincts pure, and his affections deep, we unhesitatingly (and we believe rightly) place him among the masters in the difficult art of living. To retain this conviction that character comes before intelligence, and yet to recognize the obligation that the possession of character imposes upon its possessor to develop his intelligence to the highest degree,—this is the moral contained in the first essay of Dr. Erskine's book. "He that sinneth against his understanding wrongeth his own soul."

* The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield & Co.

Emmanuel Swedenborg, in his interpretation of the doctrine of the Trinity in terms of human psychology, affirms that Love, Feeling, or Emotion represents the primary force of the Universe, the ESSE of Being; but that only when that Esse was incarnated in the form of Truth, Wisdom, or Intelligence, and became the EXISTERE of Being, could there have been generated an effluent force (the Holy Ghost) equal to the task of raising life from its low estate to that high one which "doth not yet appear" but toward which we believe we are moving. This interpretation, it will be observed, gives Love the primary place among our conceptions of spiritual origins, but imposes upon Love the necessity of embodying or objectifying itself in Truth or Wisdom,—the Word had to be made flesh and to dwell among men. In this way we would interpret Dr. Erskine's warning. We are not merely to rest in the consciousness that the Eternal arms are around us, that we are being carried on a stream of tendency toward righteousness, that we are doomed to perfection by an irresistible evolutionary law; but we must consciously become partners in the redemptive process, we must not only add to our faith virtue but to our virtue knowledge, we must acquire skill in the use of that instrument by which alone virtue can effectively express itself,—Intelligence. We forfeit the right to justify our errors by the reflection that we have walked humbly according to our lights, if we have failed to inquire whether the light that is in us is not darkness. To "trust in God and do the right" is a useful working principle only if we have intelligently endeavored to discover what the "right" is.

But Dr. Erskine's charge against the old Anglo-Saxon way of viewing life is not merely the negative one of failing to realize the importance of intelligence, or to give it its place as among the cardinal virtues. He charges us, and not without reason, with having regarded the intellect with suspicion as a peril and a snare; with having assumed that a choice must be made between goodness and intelligence; "that stupidity is first cousin to moral conduct and cleverness the first step to mischief." It is not difficult to find proof of the justice of this charge in the constant dissociation of goodness and understanding that is reflected in our literature and social standards. Mephistopheles is invariably represented as the embodiment of pure intellect, while the biographies of saints and philanthropists are for the most part pictures of glowing souls radiating heat without light, feeling without understanding, emotion without intelligence. This over-emphasis upon character as against intelligence shows itself especially in our fruitless attempts to solve social problems by mere force of good will,—problems in economics, for example, in which (human welfare being the end aimed at) it is assumed that kindly feeling and noble enthusiasm are the only instruments necessary for the solution. An attitude of kindly contempt expressing itself in such words as "doctrinaire" or "theorist" is maintained toward those who approach such problems from the side of the intellect, whose aim it is to attain to an understanding of fundamental things, and to deal with causes rather than symptoms.

And it is strange, indeed, that to a problem in engineering we bring all the knowledge of scientific principles that intelligence can discover; to produce commodities cheaply we develop our inventive and creative powers to the highest degree; but that in attempting to solve the great problem of human living-together in relations of justice and equity, we forget that here, too, active intelligence is the virtue which gives whatever value they possess to all those other virtues that have moved us to action.

In Dr. Erskine's Commencement address entitled "The Call to Service," the same demand is made upon the student beginning his life's career, to break away from the customary attitude which eager young minds so readily adopt in conceiving of the places they are called upon to fill in the economy of things, and to bring the whole force of the intelligence to bear upon the ultimate purpose for which he has been trained. Here, again, the appeal for a broader and more comprehensive conception of the ultimate goal toward which human culture strives, or should be striving, implies a draft upon the higher intelligence. It is only too easily assumed that those who serve and those who are to be served constitute two separate classes whom God hath put asunder and whom man may not join without disrespect to the Divine Purpose. The attitude of mind in which those stand who are called to serve the world as preachers, scientists, or teachers, toward the great mass of somewhat unwilling recipients of those services, is of the most vital importance. If that attitude is wrong, as it is so likely to be, it can only be made right by an active use of the intelligence,—by rising above personal enthusiasms and ambitions, however noble, and obtaining a glimpse of the ultimate end toward which the whole creation moves, as seen by a God who is no respecter of persons, but who loves the

humblest day-drudge equally with the most gifted savant.

The questions which Dr. Erskine addresses to his students are most well-timed, and we indulge the hope that in the attempt to find answers to them many of our young men may have had their reflective faculties aroused, and been compelled to take such new soundings and bearings as may change permanently the course they are to steer in the voyage to which every commencement address is a cheering send-off. It can do our future guides and philosophers nothing but good if they are impelled to such heart-searching as must be stimulated by the questions, "Do you hope to cure your neighbour's misfortune or merely to live by it?" "Do you look on the unfortunate as your brothers in temporary distress, or do you see in them objects of charity?" "Do you think your function is to serve and their function to be served; and if by a miracle they should get on their feet, would you have lost your career?" Nor is the author less definite in his arraignment of the professors of Science and Teaching, or of those who propose to serve by making themselves the repositories of learning and wisdom. Not only, he indicates, should the ultimate purpose of a priesthood be to make a nation of priests, and to prepare the way for a condition in which a priesthood will be unnecessary, but this should be the conscious aim of all who serve, in whatever capacity. So long as the gulf separating the servers from the served is conceived of as being organic and in the nature of things, the service can never be of spiritual benefit to either giver or receiver. After warning his theological students of the delusion that "a system of superiorities and inferiorities is vital to the religious life," or even that a certain superiority of consecration attaches to the office of priest, he addresses himself in similar words to his scientific students. "You," he says, "can no more be scientific for your neighbors than you can be holy for them. Scientists are as eager to do our thinking for us as ever the Church has been; they are just as ready to use force to make effective the truth as they see it, and they keep the scientific spirit to themselves as effectively as the priests keep their priesthood."

The third essay, "The Mind of Shakespere," is peculiarly refreshing to one who has just read Dr. Tannenbaum's excellent review (in THE DIAL of Dec. 9) of Mr. J. P. Baxter's book on the time-worn Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. From the account which the reviewer gives of the author's tortuous attempts to deal with the apparent incongruity between the Shakespearean plays and the character and circumstances of their reputed creator, it is a pleasure to turn to Dr. Erskine's essay, where the strange phenomenon which the mind of Shakespeare presents to the psychologist is discussed in a manner which does no violence to our sense of probability and accords with what we know of the constitution of the human mind. "Can we not imagine," he asks, "a grown person with whom for the most part expression has remained an instantaneous reflex of experience, who sees true habitually as we less child-like folk do occasionally, and who speaks so spontaneously that he takes no account of his utterances?" Here is suggested the idea of a sort of short-circuiting of the current which connects perception and expression, in which consciousness and intention are left out. "The clearness of vision and the immediateness and accuracy of expression," which are so conspicuous in the best of Shakespeare's work, are certainly more explicable on this theory of direct connection between the perceptive and the expressive faculties, than where the surface-consciousness, as with ordinary mortals, must take a hand in the transaction. If this theory seems to make of the poet an unconscious automaton, Dr. Erskine accepts the risk of that conclusion with a boldness which we admire.

In the fourth and last essay, Dr. Erskine reminds us that we have not yet so completely escaped from the dominion of superstition, and the child-like belief in magic and wonder, as we like to persuade ourselves. We have told ourselves so frequently that we now live in a world of cause and effect, and that the spirits with whom our fathers lived on terms of familiarity have been finally banished from the earth, that we firmly believe it. In spite of this, we exhibit the remains of our old faith in magic and miracle in many ways. "We have as yet gained far less control of experience than our intellectual self-respect demands. We still blunder through life as though we did not know that the great game must be played according to rules." We still believe, Micawber-like, in things "turning up." We have not made the progress in the scientific habit of mind that the passing of the years and the amassing of experience ought to have produced. We still love to think that miracles happen, that uncaused good-luck befalls the virtuous though incompetent person, and the literary fiction that reflects the persistence of this primitive superstition still attracts us. And the difficulty is, as Dr. Erskine points out, that we cannot, and should not if we could, entirely

banish this ancient habit of mind. "If we love the poetry of life, there is a sense in which we cannot get along without miracles; without them as a language to talk with we cannot express that profound wonder at common facts which is the sign of enlightened manhood." The difficulty with most of us is to preserve this love of the miraculous, wedded as it is to that faculty of wonder which keeps the imagination alive, and yet to detect the thimble-rigging by which some of our writers would delude us into the belief that the laws of consequence are occasionally out of action. The danger of falling under this delusion is finely indicated in the following passage:

"We are convinced that to be a professional crook will lead to moral deterioration, but we read with pleasure these fables which keep the soul of the crook unspotted from his own conduct. Our pleasure is based on a fine humaneness, on the undoubted fact that criminals are largely manufactured, and that few of them are originally bad at heart. But this doctrine, excellent as a vantage-point from which to enter upon some social responsibility and rescue, has been stretched in our fiction until it misrepresents the consequences of wrong-doing, and even diminishes strangely enough that sense of social responsibility from which it sprang. We felt to blame for letting our fellow-man become a criminal, but after the story or the play has demonstrated how excellently moral the criminal is, we feel less guilty."

Here, again, the moral contained in the title of this book returns to us, and we realize the imperative need for the constant watchful play of the intelligence upon all our mental and emotional processes. In the words quoted from Emerson, "The beginning of power is in the belief that things go not by luck but by law."

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

COSMIC SYSTEMS AND PHILOSOPHICAL IMAGINATION.*

Philosophy, I have had occasion more than once to point out, maintains, in its great tradition, an essentially compensatory character. The world is not one which was made for us. That slow reconstruction of it in fact, which we call civilization, is too slow and too inadequate to satisfy the impatient mind. Imagination does not wait upon fact, but leaps beyond it to the heart's desire. Such leaping beyond has been predominantly the part of philosophy in its great tradition. Against the fact of death it has sought to demonstrate desired immortality; against the fact of change, the pleasant eternity; against the restless multiplicity and diversity of the daily life, the reposeful unity of the metaphysical unseen. That which it has opposed to experience it has called real; and the substance of experience itself, because it was so fraught with evil and danger, it has called unreal and relegated to the realm of appearance. The skill with which it has done this, the subtlety with which it has met the difficulties which fact always puts in the way of dialectic, have made it a high and precious exercise of the creative imagination.

Now of all passions which animate the philosophical mind, perhaps the strongest is the logical passion, the passion for unity and consistency. Thought may surrender, one after another, all the cherished compensatory excellences with which the imagination endows the world. It may surrender the immortality of the soul, the spirituality and eternity of the world, the freedom of the will, but it will still cling to cosmic unity and logical consistency. This desideratum becomes the principle of reconstruction in all sorts of systems, materialisms and idealisms and empiricisms, the one sole salvage from the wrecks of disillusion. The use of it escapes monotony chiefly by force of the materials to which it is applied, and the organization of them by which it is generated. One such very interesting construction which abandons all desiderata but this is Neo-Realism.

On this side of the water the most interesting protagonist of this new philosophic fashion is Mr. Edwin Holt, of Harvard University. His philosophy is in most respects a philosophy of disillusion. In one respect, however, that of unity, it is a masterpiece of imaginative construction. The world as Mr. Holt sees it is composed of a few simple elements combined in a hierarchy which moves from the simplest to the most complex, from the neutral entities of logic, which are neither mind nor matter, to those high, complicated organizations of psychology which combine a special significance with a reducible compositeness. Between these two extremes range, in due order, the world of the secondary qualities, of colors and sounds and tastes and smells, the worlds of geometry and mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of geography, of astronomy, and of biology, and beyond psychology is to be found the world of values, these being the last terms, in the process of the synthesis of simples, that man knows.

Considered absolutely, none of the entities which these different sciences deal with possesses a status either in the world of mind or the world of matter. It exists on its own

* THE CONCEPT OF CONSCIOUSNESS. By Edwin B. Holt. New York: The Macmillan Co.

account, "neutral" to both. When, however, it is related in a particular way to a group of other entities, it assumes a status, and may be, according to its relation, indifferently both mind and matter at the same time. Thus the sky you look at, as and when you look at it, takes its place with a series of beings, all of them related in a specific way to your nervous system and your body. Because it is so related, it is a mental image and thought, a sensation, a memory, any psychological form of existence you choose. Again, however, in connection with the system of ether waves, of physical tensions and stresses, it is a material fact in the external world. In itself it simply is. Reality is an infinite collection of such autonomous entities, some irreducible simples, some compounded of such irreducible simples, and all together constituting what Mr. Holt calls a "neutral mosaic," and all ultimately to be derived from the few elemental logical entities which constitute the walls of the visible and the invisible world.

This Mr. Holt demonstrates with a beautiful and logical consequentiality, and with the adduction of many interesting empirical data. He builds his world from neutral entity to mind and values, with a deductive precision and in a sprightly manner which other professorial philosophers might do well to imitate. His language is a little difficult, because of his attempt to assimilate all forms of existence to the terms of logic. In his vocabulary, facts are propositions and events theorems, etc.; but once this slight difficulty is overcome the position is plausible enough. The world appears as a consistent system, overwhelmingly integrated and logical. Unhappily, Mr. Holt's sense of fact gets the better of his sense of logical form. The scientist and the artist in him are not at one, and they do not appear to be at one in the particular matter following.

The world we live in is, of course, a world in which we make mistakes, a world in which error appears. The problem of error has been one of the great puzzles in the compensatory tradition, and Mr. Holt faces it with a courage and originality quite without parallel. From his point of view, contradictions are as real in the neutral world as consistencies, and error he regards as a clash of contradictory propositions, a struggle for survival between two organizations of being within a given complex. This description of error I believe to be correct. Unhappily, it is not consistent with the conception of a completely consistent universe. If contradictions are real, the universe cannot be a unity. If the universe is a unity, contradictions cannot be real. Mr. Holt's imagination has carried him farther than his sense of fact has allowed him to go.

The quality of this imagination is striking, both in the new avenues of vision it opens up for the reader and in the plausibility with which it accounts for many interesting and puzzling details concerning the nature of mind. "The Concept of Consciousness" is an imaginative achievement of great freshness and dialectical subtlety simply because it has restated so much of the world of experience, with the irreducible uniqueness of its contents, in terms of "logical entities." But the restatement has been made at the cost of neglecting this qualitative uniqueness in experience, and of violating the desiderated consistency of the system. In this respect, Mr. Holt is, however, no worse off than any other philosopher who aims to construct a system as well as to describe the universe, and he is much better off with respect to the interest of his material and the liveliness of his style. His book is easily the foremost contribution which the New Realism has as yet made to the art of metaphysics and the near-science of psychology.

H. M. KALLEN.

SOUTH AMERICA AS A COMMERCIAL FIELD.*

The majority of the numerous books purporting to give information about our South American neighbors resemble the forced plants grown in the superheated atmosphere of a hothouse. An artificial interest has drawn them forth from an almost barren soil, poorly fed with scraps of statistics snatched at random from consular reports and commercial publications, and they are colored by the pallid tints retained in the retina of unobservant eyes after a hurried trip in some country or other. Their literary value is nil; the information they impart is worse than worthless: it really is misinformation. Such books must have a detrimental effect on the relations between the United States and Latin America, retarding as they do the understanding which will have to exist between the peoples of the two continents if the commercial castles in the air, so fondly reared by some of our business men, are to have their foundations on *terra firma*.

In his preface to "The Future of South America," Mr. Roger W. Babson makes the admission — on which he wishes to be emphatic — that he does not "attempt to compete with the seasoned traveller, nor the man

* THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Roger W. Babson. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

who has spent many years in these southern republics." His intention is to furnish the reader with information "which should be of service to those looking at this continent from a money-making, rather than from an historical, point of view."

If Mr. Babson had achieved this purpose, his book would have been unique among the publications on South America; but it has fallen short of the self-imposed mark. And this could not be otherwise. The author is a statistician of country-wide fame. Therefore, one is not surprised, but rather expects, that he should attribute great importance to the power of statistics in unravelling the mysteries of South America. Statistics, however, like most sciences which depend for their expression upon figures, is entirely impotent in giving an idea of nationality. The complexities of a nation—nay, of a single individual,—are beyond the reach of mere numerals. The most skilful statistician, armed with the most elaborate and up-to-date statistics, could not have foretold, at the beginning of last century, the enormous engineering and industrial development that was in store for such an unpromising country as Scotland. Again, according to some statistical contemporary of Charles V, Spain should have been to-day mistress of the world. Statistics alone cannot reveal to us the future of South America.

Mr. Babson is fully aware of the shortcomings of statistics. He realizes that his science can only be fully understood by experts, and that mere numerals will fail to appeal to the average person "looking at this continent from a money making . . point of view." He therefore indulges in what we might call spectacular statistics, fit for drawing-room entertainment. "If Massachusetts were to be extended westward through the Central States to the Pacific Ocean, it would be about one hundred and twenty-five miles wide and nearly three thousand miles long. Imagine this belt of land turned on end so that it will lie north and south instead of east and west, and you will then have an idea of how large and how peculiar is the shape of Chile." There is in such a metamorphosis something reminiscent of the light-handed conjurer who transforms a rabbit into a pigeon by a simple turn of the hand.

It is all very cleverly done, and if the mind has not been fatigued by such geographical contortions one may obtain some idea of the location and extent of a country. But there is something else infinitely more important than the country itself, and that is its people. Mr. Babson confesses that his "visits [to South America] have been short," and that in many of the cities he writes about he spent but little time. It is only logical, therefore, that he should not have become acquainted with the people of South America, as indeed he has not. His observant mind, nevertheless, has perceived that the South Americans, as they exist to-day, are vastly different from the conception formed of them by the North Americans. He dispels the myth, entertained by some writers of better intentions than judgment, that the peoples of the Southern republics are connected with the people of the United States by a kinship springing from the similarity of governmental institutions. The countries of South America are republican in government, and their inhabitants are imbued with as great a love of flag and country as could be found anywhere else in the world; but that—and no more—is the extent of their resemblance to the people of the United States. They belong to a different race and a different civilization. The countries are, in the majority of cases, much older than the United States; and having been kept, under the long tutelage of Spain, secluded from the rest of the world, they have developed traits of character, habits, and customs which are peculiarly their own, and which will not be changed at the bidding of the first American drummer who happens to visit them.

Mr. Babson makes all this perfectly clear, and with the insistence necessary to the inculcation of an all-important lesson; and therein, rather than in his statistics, lies the real value of his interesting book.

MARIANO J. LORENTE.

RECENT FICTION.*

The name "Plashers Mead" will not mean much to many, but some will recall that, at a certain season, Michael Fane went into the country with Guy Hazlewood, who wanted to find a place where he might devote himself to poetry. They found a place called Plashers Mead. Here Guy established himself, and here Michael came later and wrote something on the window with Guy's diamond pencil, and then looking out of the window saw Guy in a canoe with a very charming girl like a wild rose or a fairy child. It was later still, while Michael was moving strangely in the extraordinary netherworld of London, that he

* PLASHERS MEAD. By Compton Mackenzie. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE GOLDEN SCARECROW. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.

heard from Guy that there were difficulties which led him to think he would have to choose between love and art. So much of a glimpse of Plashers Mead there was in "Sinister Street"; we now have a fully realized view of a very beautiful and exquisite imagination. Whether Mr. Compton Mackenzie had in earlier days conceived the story more fully, or whether, in the hours of idleness that must come even to those on an expeditionary force, he picked up the loose threads and worked out a new pattern, would be hard to say, and perhaps not worth while. But it may well be in these days in which a tragic possibility impends over all that younger generation to which he belongs, that Mr. Mackenzie has desired to leave some record of the beauty of the England and the English life of to-day. At any rate, we have the life at Plashers Mead told not from the standpoint of the queerly sophisticated set at Oxford, but almost as from the charming but whimsical old rectory. The book, like so much of England, has wonderful beauty; also like England, there impends over it a sense of a terrible outcome.

Those who know Mr. Compton Mackenzie will have already read "Plashers Mead," and will have found in it the same beauty and life of youth that runs so joyfully and with such strains of melancholy through his other books; the places and people are as good as in "Youth's Encounter," the story as good (and as bad) as that of "Carnival." Those who have never read Mr. Compton Mackenzie will find his latest a good book to begin with, for it has most of his strong points and few of his weaknesses.

By this publication Mr. Compton Mackenzie puts himself ahead,—begins to get out of the group that one rather thinks of together. Mr. D. H. Lawrence's latest book was allowed only a brief moment of circulation, so we think of him still as we have thought of him before. Mr. Hugh Walpole has allowed himself something of a breathing-space in producing "The Golden Scarecrow." We have seen nothing of late by Mr. Beresford or by Mr. Cannan. So Mr. Compton Mackenzie rather emerges from the younger generation.

Viewing him thus, one rather asks why there is anything in these books that one will not find elsewhere. If it comes to presenting merely a charming or exquisite quality of life, there are certainly many who can do that sort of thing. Mr. Locke or Mr. Chambers would be enough for the average taste. Or if it was for the rather acrid and sordid quality that is nowadays somewhat the fashion, there are a good many people who supply that too,—Mr. Dreiser, say, or Mr. Somerset Maugham. But it is not because he is charming and exquisite on the one hand, or acrid and sordid on the other, or indeed because he is both together that Mr. Compton Mackenzie is worth reading: it is because he is such a master of the facts of youth, because he knows so much of its seriousness, its triviality, its tragedy, its exhilaration, its ignorance,—as well as of the follies or fancies, gaieties and delights, and other things wherein youth shares the lot of more exercised mortality. Of these things Mr. Compton Mackenzie offers a rich and well-filled record, and for these things one could ignore more defects than he otherwise has.

In "Plashers Mead" Mr. Mackenzie is at his best. It is not that the book is about more pleasing and attractive people and places than may readily be found in "Carnival" or "Sinister Street," for the pleasing and attractive is often enough too much of an end in itself. Nor is it that the book seems nearer to life and truer than some parts of Mr. Mackenzie's other work, although that would probably strike a good many readers. It is because the whole thing is so entirely fused in the imagination that it makes its impression definitely and surely as the writer would wish. Its characters, its setting, its story all go together, and make a piece of work such as one does not often meet.

"The Golden Scarecrow" may be something of a disappointment to those who have read "The Duchess of Wrexe," not to say others of Mr. Walpole's books, so it should be said at once that it is a book of a different kind. For one thing, it is not a novel; it is a series of sketches bound together only by the idea which informs them all. And though we may say that the interest in a story is not the highest literary interest, yet it is certainly the case that when the story is lacking we find it more difficult, at first at least, to fix our attention on what there is. Mr. Walpole is good at a story: from "The Gods and Mr. Perrin," where you go right along with the people in a very dramatic narration, to "The Duchess of Wrexe," a much fuller book with more analysis, his books have a story. "The Golden Scarecrow" does not. Nor does it at first sight deal with the same things that Mr. Walpole has generally dealt with; it does not have the interest of a bit of the world, representative or not, in which microcosm we follow with interest some of the writer's feelings and thoughts on life in general. Mr. Walpole's previous books, especially

the latest of them, seemed to be a study of some of the things in the world of our time or perhaps only of the England of the twentieth century, that Mr. Walpole thought interesting. It is not remarkable that, in a time of such social turmoil and upheaval, Mr. Walpole should not have seen his way clear to going on with his analysis of that social order which is now being so terribly shaken. He might easily have turned aside to some quite different idea that stood by itself, instead of continuing the work already announced. That he should do so was very natural, perhaps inevitable; but so also is it natural, perhaps inevitable, that people who have thought of Mr. Walpole in one way should like to find him what they have found him.

Mr. Walpole, of course, feels that his latest book has its definite place in his work,—indeed, in a way it certainly has; it is put among his other things as one of the "studies of place." But the book will hardly make its impression as a study of place. The people who read it will think it a series of sketches of children (who, it is true, all lived in March Square) based on what may well enough seem more of a fancy than anything else.

All that sounds a bit discouraging. But really, "The Golden Scarecrow" is a very interesting book, and has a perfectly definite relation to the rest of Mr. Walpole's work, so that all his readers ought to read it thoroughly. It is hardly (to my mind) a study of place, any more than some of Mr. Walpole's other books so called. It is really a development of the theme that

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
> Shades of the prison house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy."

"Shades of the prison house" have generally been present in Mr. Walpole's books. Mr. Perrin in that dreadful school-world of Moffatt's, Maradick in the daily life which at forty has often become so definitely set, Olva Dune dissolving the bond of secrecy before the football match, Rachel Beaminster in the world of hard and fast determination of which her grandmother the Duchess was the dominant mistress,—in fact, it is to be seen in all of Mr. Walpole's books as far as I remember. His people find themselves limited, bound down, almost bricked up in a wall (as who does not now and then?) by whatever set of circumstances makes up their life, and to each there comes at one time or another the chance to break away. This is the great moment in each life, and each acts in the same way. They do not break away; each sees that the thing to do is not to break away but to keep on,—not to succumb to the imperious surrounding but to master it and live differently. Each finds out that "the prison unto which we doom ourselves no prison is." Each becomes, not reconciled to that which was before unbearable, but able in some way or other to see how it can be made not a restraint but an opportunity. Each gets a new strength, a new power in life. This would seem to be Mr. Walpole's philosophy of life, his idea of how one may live finely,—never expressed as a consistent scheme, but never absent in his work.

The latest book of his shows us the beginning of such things. Children (if we follow the thought of the great poet, which Mr. Walpole seems to have adopted) live at first finely; as time goes on they are broken in to life. But in those early years they are still aware of that great Friend (especially, it has been often thought, of children) who as life goes on they see and hear less and less often. He will doubtless be with them later in life when they need him, but he fades out of daily existence.

In such a way does this latest book of Mr. Walpole's take its place with the rest of his work. Of course it is not an explanation of the great mystery: Mr. Walpole is stating no creed; and very wisely, for people would not understand it. It is a fanciful story, it does not pretend even to take itself seriously; but then, Mr. Walpole explains all that at the beginning, as when he compares Mr. Pidgen, the man who had let his fancy run away with him, with Mr. Lasher, who was a much more practical person, and goes on: "Of course, the ideal thing is somewhere between the two; recognize St. Christopher and see the real world as well." Or else a page or two later, when Mr. Pidgen tells the boy: "'The more you live in your head, dreaming and seeing things that aren't there, the less you'll see the things that are there. You'll always be tumbling over things. You'll never get on. You'll never be a success.' 'Never mind,' said Hugh, 'it doesn't matter much what you say now, you're only talking "for my good" like Mr. Lasher.'"

Mr. Walpole has usually shown us the real world, or rather the world as it appears to be,—so he may well enough do the other thing now. Perhaps some time he will get "the ideal thing . . . somewhere between the two."

These books offer food for thought to those earnest inquirers who are asking (in the lit-

erary papers) how the war will influence literature. It is evident that it will not create a "war-literature" resonant with the sound of drums and tramplings. One of the most sympathetic souls of our time has asked, "Who is there among us who would have the heart,—while his country is in agony and his brothers are dying,—to write a drama or a romance?" Both Mr. Compton Mackenzie and Mr. Hugh Walpole take the situation seriously: both are doing practical work, one in the hospital service, and the other with the Russian Red Cross. Neither fiddles while the city is in flames. And the war leads them to produce, the one an exquisite idyl, and the other a fanciful tale about children. Yet few readers will fancy that these are works unworthy a time of so great a tension of spirit.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Arm-chair excursions.

Much of the quiet humor, the delightful drollery, the ingratiating intimacy of personal confession, the seventeenth-century turn of expression, that make the "Essays of Elia" so pleasing, will be found in the several brief disquisitions composing the "Journeys to Bagdad," by Mr. Charles S. Brooks, a volume bearing quite conspicuously the Yale stamp, which should do it no disservice with its readers. The Yale University Press attractively publishes this product of a Yale pen, some of its contents having already appeared in "The Yale Review," and others in "The New Republic." The first paper, which gives its name to the collection, treats of imaginary journeys to the city of "Arabian Nights" fame, journeys of a sort far more enjoyable in these days than would be the real ones. Then come chapters on such inviting themes as "The Worst Edition of Shakespeare" (which is John Bell's), "The Decline of Nightcaps," "Maps and Rabbit Holes," "Tunes for Spring," and five more—in all a most enjoyable half-score of genially humorous and sometimes deliciously droll exercises in imagination and fancy, in musing and memory and invention. In justification of the comparison of Mr. Brooks's style with Charles Lamb's, let a sentence or two be quoted. "There is nothing to-day more degenerate," asserts this modern lover of things ancient, "than our title-pages. It is in a mean spirit that we pinch and starve them. I commend the older kind wherein, generously ensampled, is the promise of the rich diet that shall follow." "This shows," in another connection, "that gossipry must be judged by its effects. If it allay the stone or give a pleasant evening it should have reward instead of punishment." "My nose may serve by way of ornament or for the sniffing of the heavier odors, yet will fail in the nice detection of the faint waftings and olfactory ticklings." This last will recall Lamb's modest disclaimer of that fineness of hearing characteristic of the "ear for music." But it is cause for regret to find Mr. Brooks's nice sense of the shades of meaning in words fail him almost at the very opening of the book. "If smells were bears, how often would I be bit!" he exclaims; and this misuse of "would" recurs more than once in the subsequent pages—which would disturb one far less in a less admirable author. A return to the good old-fashioned woodcut is to be noted in the book's illustrations, which are conceived and executed in the spirit of the text by Mr. Allen Lewis.

Economics and psychology.

Professor Taussig's interesting and very readable chapters on "Inventors and Money-Makers" (Macmillan) were originally delivered as lectures at Brown University, on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of that institution. The author is frankly psychological in his approach and treatment, and holds that a fundamental constructive tendency in human nature is the parent trait responsible for inventor and money-maker alike. That trait has been given a large stage, a versatile expression, an abundant reward, and has also acquired a comprehensive complication with other derived forms of instinctive trends, in the world so full of a number of things in which as best we can we seek to move, make a living, and develop such being as fate ordains. The competitive instinct, which makes men fighters and workers for causes and schemes, makes a close partnership with the constructive trait, and enlists the vitality of the will to prevail in the interest of the will to create. Yet at the economic level the minor differentiations of these tendencies count, and bring it about that the inventor and the promoter and money-maker are found inhabiting different tenements of clay. The marketing of a product, and the shrewdness to foresee the interactions of supply and demand, bring to the front a different perspective of qualities than those in which invention is or remains central. The treatment is fittingly brought to a conclusion by a chapter on "Altruism: The Instinct of Devotion." This points a moral as well as adorns a well

told tale. Money-making and invention, and the array of minor devotions which they encourage and to which they give expression, are so many forms of personality; this conclusion is suggestive because it means that business motives are strangely mixed and intricately blended with many others — failings and virtues alike — which give the lie to the commonplace that business is business. The fuller and truer reason why business absorbs is that it gives real play, in the way of ready suggestion and necessary economic relations, to a creditable variety of human traits. Professor Taussig's little volume may be cordially recommended to the business as well as to the academic mind.

The crowd and the State.

There are certain excellences in the work on "Politics and Crowd Morality" (Dutton) by the late Arthur Christensen, a patriotic Dane of ample experience in political life. His criticism of democracy is a clear-eyed picture of its defects; and from the recent political history of England, France, Scandinavia, and America he has collected an effective array of instances of the breakdown of democratic forms. He gives a pessimistic account of the "interstate politics" of the world; and his strictures upon the selfish policies pursued by the Great Powers, and the danger to smaller countries and backward races, as well as to the Powers themselves, involved in these tendencies, have been amply justified by the war which has broken out since the first publication of his book. But as an attempt to construct a new theory of democratic government, and to demonstrate a new set of political principles, founded upon a careful social psychology, the book is unsatisfactory. In the first place, it slavishly follows the general theories of crowd psychology, and of the interaction between the individual and the mass, worked out twenty years ago by Le Bon and Tarde, without due recognition of the fact that these men have exaggerated the irrational behavior of crowds, and that their explanation of what irrationalities do exist, by "suggestion," "imitation," "counter-suggestion," and so on, is vague and inadequate. In the second place, it bases its solution of the problem of providing an efficient democratic government upon theories that none but a special school of labor leaders can consider tenable. Having argued that human societies are ignorant, prejudiced, and excitable, and that their members often urge each other into what the Germans call "waking hypnosis," he goes on to suggest a substitute for this government by the unorganized crowd. This is based upon the organization of society into professional and trade groups. There is to be a quasi-syndicalist constitution; each special function in the State is to be exercised by the specialists in that function; and differences are to be composed, and common interests controlled, by the representatives of different economic groups. The methods by which Mr. Christensen shows that trade and professional corporations are "rational" and "natural," as opposed to the irrational and artificial crowd, are interesting examples of forced and unsound reasoning. Until our labor unions, professional societies, and managerial boards show more conclusively that they are exempt from the general frailties and passions common to all groups of human beings, democratic nations will depend upon the present mass constituencies for government.

Anatole France and his work.

A study of Anatole France, by Mr. W. L. George, the English novelist and feminist, is one of the first volumes in the "Writers of the Day" series (Holt). Mr. George is in some ways well equipped for his task owing to his French schooling and his comparative freedom from Anglo-Saxon and puritanic prejudices. Anatole France, as someone has said, represents the consummate flowering of the Latin genius; to entrust the interpretation of him to a man unappreciative of the *esprit gaulois* would have been sheer barbarism. If we assume the object of the series to be informational as well as merely critical, we may say that Mr. George has done his work well. His account is lucid, well-balanced, and sympathetic. For the ignoramus or the moderately informed there is plenty of sustenance. Nevertheless, the real lover of Anatole France will experience some slight disappointment. There is no subtle insight and no warm glow of enthusiasm. Connoisseurs will also deprecate certain statements,— notably the phrase about "the dapper quality" of the Frenchman's thought, where the adjective seems peculiarly inappropriate, and the further assertion that M. France is sentimental. Mr. George announces at the outset that he has read very few books or articles about Anatole France. It might have been better if he had read more. Perhaps in that case he would not have been so categorical in his denial of any evolution in his author. To many it appears that since the Dreyfus affair there is a ground-tone of earnestness in M. France's work which was scarcely perceptible before. Ironical, skeptical, genially tolerant as ever, the dilettante has become, like

another mocker, Heine, a "valiant soldier in the war of humanity's liberation." The writer's judgments on individual books are generally sound. He would apparently select as the best of his author "Sylvestre Bonnard" and "L'Ile des Pingouins." One very delightful book, "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," seems to have escaped his notice entirely.

Psychology and the executive personality.

Professor E. B. Gowin has written a timely book which he calls "The Executive and His Control of Men: A Study in Personal Efficiency" (Macmillan). Its timeliness consists in the appeal to current interests and the mode of their practical expression which the subject carries. It cannot be said that it rises to the level of less ephemeral timeliness by advancing insight into the problems which it treats interestingly but rather aimlessly. On the psychological side it contains a praiseworthy contribution, which is the result of a very extended questionnaire circulated with unusual success in coaxing returns. The replies of successful men in forty callings show convincingly that in the long run — and the short sprint — physique tells. The "big" men in achievement are taller and heavier than the average. "Superintendents of street cleaning" are the heavyweights, and "psychologists" the lightweights, among the forty professions thus immortalized; only "reformers" are taller than the "superintendents," while publishers and (most of all) musicians are small men. The defect of stature of musicians is so striking that it must have some other (racial?) than an occupational selection as its clue. But apart from this statistical investigation, the central purpose of the volume is to direct attention to the quality of energy and the glory of its organization that in the modern world bring power and wealth to the man who can control and direct his fellow men. The enormous emphasis which modern industrial life, and the many phases of human interest patterned after this type of efficiency, places upon this aspect of human quality entitles it to the most comprehensive and intensive study that industry and insight can command. From the volume in hand the reader will gain a suggestive realization of the many factors which determine the expression of this much rewarded quality. He will see it pictured in theory and practice, illuminated by psychological principles and illustrated by practical achievement. And for the most part he will carry away a more definite notion of the executive functions and their economic significance. Beyond this he may gain little, and may even leave the volume with the uneasy feeling of hopes aroused and disappointed. But the book will doubtless find a grateful as well as a lenient clientèle, and thus fulfil the well intentioned purpose of the author.

College book-plates in America.

Mr. Harry Parker Ward's volume on "Some American College Book-plates" (Columbus, Ohio: Champlin Press) is an addition of genuine value to book-plate literature. The body of the volume consists of 360 pages of reproductions of well chosen plates from a large number of educational institutions in all parts of the country, including a few from learned societies, museums, etc., and a few from well known individuals with such college connections as to make their appearance not inappropriate. Harvard is represented by about thirty of the two or three hundred plates which distinguish various collections in her great library. The reproduction is skilfully done, and certainly reflects credit on the Champlin Press. There are a dozen inset prints from the original plates. Mr. Ward has had the coöperation of Mr. Theodore Wesley Koch, Librarian of the University of Michigan, who contributes a very interesting "Defense of Book-plates," embracing some sensible suggestions to anyone who may wish to secure a plate for his own books. Mr. Winward Prescott, a well known authority and member of the best book-plate societies in this country and Europe, contributes a check-list of book-plate literature covering nearly fifty pages, the most complete bibliography of the kind yet presented. This is prefaced by some good suggestions to the collector. The accidental inclusion of a University of Chicago Quadrangle Club plate among the Princeton specimens is unfortunate, but in a piece of work so carefully done as a whole it may be pardoned.

A Napoleonic itinerary.

Many incidents in a career like that of Napoleon must be put in their local setting to be fully understood. Even the "look" of the place enhances the sense of reality, if nothing more. To furnish this important element is the special aim of Mr. James Morgan's "In the Footsteps of Napoleon" (Macmillan). The author has studied the framework of his incidents on the spot, although it required journeys aggregating twenty thousand miles. He has followed his hero from the boyhood scenes in Corsica, to his schools at Brienne and Paris, his garrison at Valence, along the route of all his campaigns, from 1796 to 1815, giving here a paragraph, there a page, to a

house, a palace, a battlefield, or an Alpine pass. For example, from the legendary tower of Theodoric, which rises in an orchard at Marengo, he asks the reader to look out over the plain which stretches away to Alessandria, and which he compares to a "great football field, bordered on either side by hills that rise like the tiers of a grandstand," the river Bormida at one end and the heights of San Giuliano at the other. In a similar way he describes the countryside between Brünn and the village of Austerlitz. The wonder is that he did not take his camera with him and give us photographs of the more interesting places, instead of illustrating his volume with cheap reproductions of familiar paintings, many of which are utterly valueless for the study of Napoleon's life. As a biography this book will scarcely take a conspicuous place in the increasing volume of Napoleonic studies. Many statements represent traditional rather than critical views. The description of the constitution of the Consulate, to cite an instance, shows little comprehension of its real character.

A plebiscite on college education.

The conception of Professor Foster F. Boswell's "The Aims and Defects of College Education" (Putnam) is admirable. In Part I are presented a number of letters, and excerpts from letters, written by more or less prominent Americans in reply to two questions sent out by Professor Boswell: (1) "What traits of character and mind should a college aim to develop in its students to make them useful and efficient in modern life?" (2) "In what ways does the present college education fail in giving students training it is able to give?" Those addressed were men in public life, college presidents, professors in the more practical departments of great universities, journalists, and business men. The answers are interesting in the light of their authorship as well as intrinsically; but they are so various that it would be difficult to do them collective justice, despite Professor Boswell's claim that they show a remarkable unity. Certain defects attributed to college students are noted in several letters,—"slipshod and superficial work done for the purpose of 'getting by,'" unpunctuality, social arrogance, lack of initiative; and it is true that the general trend of these letters from "practical" men rather surprisingly emphasizes the importance of the more general and cultural studies as a basis for professional or business life. The second part of the volume is made up of Professor Boswell's comments and conclusions on the data provided by the letters. A striking defect in the method of carrying out the conception of the book lies in its narrow range, the somewhat local character of the business men quoted, and the fairly dogmatic and absolute conclusions drawn from answers of persons apparently selected with some care by the investigator.

A "Ouida" of the 18th century.

A careful study of Eliza Haywood,—one of the lesser known eighteenth century novelists, who wrote passionate romances, secret histories, and novels of scandal, a few stories that may be classed as novels of domestic life, attempted the drama, and figured as one of Pope's victims in the "Dunciad,"—has been made by Dr. George Frisbie Whicher, of the University of Illinois. The author of some seventy separate publications, Mrs. Haywood has been described as "the most voluminous female writer" that Great Britain has produced. Mr. Gosse calls her the "Ouida" of a bygone day. Although one contemporary poet (not Pope) affirms:

"You sit like Heav'n's bright minister on High,
Command the throbbing Breast, and watry Eye,"

present day readers will feel hardly more than an antiquarian interest in her work. Yet "The History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless" (1751) is not without merit as an experiment in the fiction that draws upon everyday life. Dr. Whicher's monograph is vivaciously written, and presents its subject with much interesting and informing detail. (Columbia University Press.)

An easy approach to Confucius.

One of the early American missionaries to China tells us that when he had finally convinced a Chinese scholar that there were schools in America the immediate assumption was: "Then the people of your honorable nation are also acquainted with the books of Confucius." It was a false assumption, and yet it is a great pity that more Americans are not familiar with the teachings which have moulded the lives of countless millions of our fellow creatures. An easy means of approach is offered by Mr. Miles Menander Dawson in "The Ethics of Confucius" (Putnam), for he has culled choice passages from the works of the Master and his commentators and gathered them under seven heads, such as "What Constitutes the Superior Man," "Self-Development," "The Family," "The State," etc., and he has added a running comment of his own to link them together. Dr. Wu Ting Fang has provided a brief "foreword"; and the work contains an ample index, so that favorite sayings may be easily found again.

NOTES.

"The Accolade" is a new novel by Miss Ethel Sidgwick scheduled for February publication by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

Silvio Pellico's tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," will shortly be published in an English translation made by Mr. A. O'D. Bartholeyns.

A study of Thomas Hardy, by Mr. Harold Child, is a new volume announced by Messrs. Holt in their "Writers of the Day" series.

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has written a romance of the Montana hills which Messrs. Jacobs will issue this month under the title of "The Golden Woman."

Forthcoming novels that Messrs. Putnam have in train for early publication include, among others, "Bars of Iron" by Miss Ethel M. Dell and "The Wiser Folly" by Miss Leslie Moore.

Professor Allen R. Benham has compiled a source-book for the history of English literature, "English Literature from Widsith to the Death of Chaucer," which the Yale University Press will publish in June.

"Child and Country" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Will Levington Comfort which Messrs. Doran announce. From the same house will come "Old Judge Priest" by Mr. Irvin S. Cobb and "Gossamer" by George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay).

Arrangements have just been made by the Macmillan Co. to bring out in a limited edition the sonnets of Mr. John Masefield, the distinguished English poet who is now in this country. Only five hundred copies will be published, each copy numbered and signed by the author.

A committee of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, including Messrs. William English Walling, H. G. Sedgwick, J. G. Phelps Stokes, and others, has compiled a volume of significant documents of socialists throughout the world to be issued under the title "The Socialism of To-day." Messrs. Holt are the publishers.

In "The Diplomacy of the Great War," announced by the Macmillan Co., the author, Mr. Arthur Bullard, seeks to contribute to an understanding of the European situation by revealing something of the diplomacy of the past years, covering the development of international politics in Europe since the Congress of Berlin in 1878.

"Fear God and Take Your Own Part" is the bombastic title of a forthcoming volume of reprinted addresses and magazine articles by Mr. Roosevelt, which Messrs. Doran will publish. It is comforting to know that it is only God whom we have to fear; we had gathered from Mr. Roosevelt's recent utterances that it was the Germans.

Three studies in criminology are announced by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. for early publication, as follows: "Criminal Sociology," by M. Enrico Ferri, translated by Mr. Joseph I. Kelly; "Criminality and Economic Conditions," by M. W. A. Bonger, translated by Mr. Henry P. Horton; and "History of Continental Criminal Law," by Herr Ludvig von Bar, translated by Mr. Thomas S. Bell.

Several new novels are promised for early issue by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., including Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's "The Lightning Conductor Discovers America," Mr. James Oliver Curwood's "The Hunted Woman," Miss Harriet T. Comstock's "The Vindication," and Miss Helen R. Martin's "Her Husband's Purse," together with a volume of short stories by Mr. H. G. Dwight entitled "Stamboul Nights."

Among other new books immediately forthcoming from the press of the Macmillan Co. are the following: "Japanese Expansion and American Policies," by Professor J. F. Abbott; "Law and Order in Industry," by Mr. Julius Henry Cohen; "The New Public Health," by Dr. Hibbert Winslow Hill; "The Aftermath of Battle," by Mr. E. D. Toland; and a new one-volume edition of Professor John Spencer Bassett's "Life of Andrew Jackson."

The authorized biography of the late Major-General William Rufus Shafter, U. S. A., who commanded the expeditionary force which captured Santiago, Cuba, is being prepared by Mr. Charles A. Weissert, a member of the House of Representatives in the Michigan Legislature, who has written a number of monographs on Michigan history. Included with the biography will be letters and papers of importance by General Shafter, who was a product of pioneer life in the Michigan wilderness.

"The Drama of Savage Peoples" by Dr. Loomis Havemeyer is announced by the Yale University Press. The origin of the drama is traced back to mimetic action and gesture language of primitive people, and its development is followed through their religious, initiation, and war ceremonies to the pleasure plays of savage peoples. The author aims to do for drama as expressed in social evolution what Dr. Frazer has done with the early history of religion, Professor Westermarck with marriage, and Professor Tylor with culture.

An English translation of M. Augustus Hamon's "Bernard Shaw, the 20th Century Molière," has been made by Messrs. Eden and Cedar Paul, and the volume will be issued this month by Messrs. Stokes. From the same house will come "Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation" by Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins, "Maurice Maeterlinck, Poet and Philosopher" by Mr. Macdonald Clark, "Indian Thought, Past and Present" by Dr. R. W. Frazer, and "Belgium," a series of plates reproduced by wood engraving after drawings by Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

A supplementary volume of "Scientific Papers" by the late Sir George Howard Darwin, edited by Messrs. F. J. M. Stratton and J. Jackson, will soon come from the Cambridge University Press. This volume will contain the author's series of lectures on Hill's lunar theory, a paper representing Darwin's last printed word on periodic orbits, two mathematical addresses, and biographical memoirs from two points of view. Sir Francis Darwin writes of his brother's life apart from his scientific work; and Professor E. W. Brown deals with his work as astronomer and teacher.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

February, 1916.

Adrianople between Wars. H. G. Dwight . . . . *Harper*
America, Pathos of. Henry Osborn Taylor . . . *Atlantic*
America and Japan. Eüchi Shibusawa . . . . *Century*
American Railroads, Needs of. O. H. Kahn *World's Work*
American Union, Romance of. Helen Nicolay . . *Century*
Antwerp, Truth about. D. C. Boulger . . . . *No. Amer.*
Art for Art's Sake in Southern Literature. A. M. Conway . . . . . *Sewanee*
Bacon, Roger, The True. Lynn Thorndike . *Am. Hist. Rev.*
Baldness, Reasons for. A. R. Reynolds . . . *American*
Balfour's Philosophy. A. S. Pringle-Pattison . . *Hibbert*
Balkan Cauldron, The. W. Morton Fullerton *World's Work*
Battles and Rainfall. Alexander McAdie . . . *Scientific*
Britain, Races of. Wm. H. Babcock . . . . *Scientific*
Bull Moose, Hunting A. Theodore Roosevelt . . *Scribner*
Byron and the British Conscience. William Haller *Sewanee*
Canadian-American High Court, Our. L. J. Burpee . . . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
China, Japan, and the Hundred Days. E. B. Mitford *Atlantic*
China's Vast Resources. Adachi Kinnosuke . *Rev. of Revs.*
Christianity, Failure of. M. E. Robinson . . . *Hibbert*
Christianity: Is It Practicable? W. A. Brown . . *Hibbert*
Christianity, Mere Scholarship and. E. Armitage . *Hibbert*
Citizen, Mind of the — III. A. D. Weeks . *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Colombia, Pending Treaty with. Edwin Maxey *Rev. of Revs.*
Cotton Trade, American. G. W. Daniels . . *Am. Hist. Rev.*
Country, Our Divided. Henry J. Fletcher . . . *Atlantic*
Criticism, A Gossip on. Edward Garnett . . . . *Atlantic*
Democracy and the Church. Allan Hoben . *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Detaille, Edouard, Last Works of. Armand Dayot . *Century*
Devreese: Belgian Sculptor. Brand Whitlock . *Scribner*
East, The Smouldering. T. Lothrop Stoddard *Rev. of Revs.*
Economic History, Generalizations of. A. P. Usher . . . . . *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Economic Unpreparedness. D. Y. Thomas . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Eights, James, Reincarnation of. J. M. Clarke . *Scientific*
"Fight for Right" Movement, The. Frederick Pollock . . . . . *Hibbert*
Floods, The Waste by. Percival Fassig . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Fluid Motion, Phenomena of. W. S. Franklin . . *Scientific*
Franklin, The Physical. J. F. Rogers . . . . *So. Atl.*
French Hospitals. Anna M. Vail . . . . . *Atlantic*
French Village, A, in the War Zone Mary K. Waddington . . . . . *Scribner*
German Mind, The. George T. Ladd . . . . *Hibbert*
Germany, The Mind of. John Dewey . . . . . *Atlantic*
Gold, Our New. French Strother . . . . . *World's Work*
Gospels, Warlike Context of the. Charles Hargrove *Hibbert*
Haiti, Intervention in. George Marvin . . . *World's Work*
Hunger and Food. George J. Peirce . . . . *Scientific*
Ireland and the War. F. S. Skeffington . . . . *Century*
Italy, Popular Feasts in. A. Marinoni . . . . *Sewanee*
Labor Problems, A Business Man's Views on *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Latin-American Policy, Our. Richard Olney . . *No. Amer.*
Life, Avoidable Loss of. J. Howard Beard . . . *Scientific*
Love in Mediæval Romance. H. L. Creek . . . . *Sewanee*
Lowell, London Recollections of. E. S. Nadal . . *Harper*
Mid-Pacific, Islands of the. A. G. Mayer . . . . *Scientific*
Mimicry, Acquisitive. E. A. Ross . . . . *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Mississippi. John Sharp Williams . . . . . *American*
Monarchy, New, for Old. S. K. Hornbeck . *Rev. of Revs.*
Morals, Teaching, to Boys and Girls. Ray S. Baker *American*
Motors, American, and the War. C. A. Selden . . *Scribner*
Music: What It Is. Thomas W. Surette . . . . *Atlantic*
Nationalism and Cosmopolitanism. R. H. Law . . *Hibbert*
Nationality and History. H. M. Stephens . *Am. Hist. Rev.*
Natural History, A Bit of. John Burroughs . . . *Harper*
Naval Defence. Rear-Admiral Fiske . . . . . *No. Amer.*
Negro in the Southern Short Story. H. E. Rollins *Sewanee*
New York City. Franklin P. Adams . . . . *Everybody's*
New York City. Simeon Strunsky . . . . . *Harper*
Nicaragua, Americanizing. C. H. Ham . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
North Carolina Fund for Improvements. W. K. Boyd *So. Atl.*
Philippines, Governor-General of. D. P. Barrows *Am. Hist. Rev.*
Phillips, Stephen. Edith Wyatt . . . . . *No. Amer.*
Plattsburgh. L. Wardlaw Miles . . . . . *Sewanee*
Porto Rico, Motoring through. A. H. Verrill . . *Scribner*
Post-Office, The Colonial. William Smith . *Am. Hist. Rev.*
Pre-Raphaelitism. Benjamin Brawley . . . . *So. Atl.*
Prohibition, Economics of. L. Ames Brown . . *No. Amer.*
Prohibition and Politics. James Hay, Jr. . *Everybody's*
Public Buildings, The Pork in. B. J. Hendrick *World's Work*
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